

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 647—Vol. XXV.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1868. [PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 25 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.



THE CHILD WIFE.—IN LIKE MANNER WAS JULIA RESCUED FROM THE DANGER OF DROWNING.—SEE PAGE 352.

As a Supplement to this number, is published the beautiful picture, in colors, entitled, "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIZE"—Price of Newspaper and Picture, 25 CENTS.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Special Notice to the American Public.

We especially invite the attention of the public to the extraordinary and unusually attractive features presented in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. In this number we commence the publication of the intensely interesting and dramatic novel of modern society, entitled

"THE CHILD WIFE,"

A TALE OF THE TWO WORLDS!

Written expressly for this paper by the celebrated and popular author,

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

We have cheerfully appropriated the sum of

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

to the purchase of the copyright of this work, in full confidence that its merits will be appreciated by the American public.

As a supplement to this number, we also publish a magnificent picture, entitled

"THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE,"

PRINTED IN OIL COLORS.

Drawn and printed by WILLIAM DICKES, of London, expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, after the original painting by J. J. HILL. This beautiful work of art is superior to anything of the kind that has ever been introduced into this country, or in fact that has ever been published by any illustrated paper in the world. The proprietors of the *London Illustrated News* have for several years past published annually, as supplements to their paper, pictures of a similar character, and their papers with such supplements have been sold in the United States for seventy-five cents per copy. In inviting comparison with the fruit pieces, and other designs so published by the *London Illustrated News*, it is fair to state that that journal has never ventured, with the chromographic process, upon a representation of the human face, except for the production of the simplest and rudest effects.

In "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," on the contrary, the delicacy, the expression, the life-like tints of a masterpiece of oil painting, are imitated with consummate skill and wonderful fidelity.

This beautiful picture must not be mistaken for a colored engraving. It is elaborately printed in oils, every sheet going through the press ten times to receive the many shades of color.

Mr. William Dickes, to whose unequalled skill the American public are indebted for this chef-d'œuvre, is the inventor of the chromographic process by which this picture is printed, and received a medal at each of the following exhibitions: Paris, 1855; London, 1862; Dublin, 1865, and Paris, 1867.

The size of the picture is 29 by 21½ inches. It represents a fisherman's wife, bearing in her arms her golden-haired child and standing on a rock-bound shore, awaiting the return of her husband's bark; a sweet and eloquent picture of domestic life in an humble sphere, that cannot but be acceptable to the lovers of art in America.

As we have only a limited edition prepared, all those who desire to possess the picture should send their orders to their news agents for this number without delay, as after the edition shall be exhausted we shall not be able to supply additional copies without sending expressly to London. The picture, prepared at great cost, is furnished, together with the present number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, at the retail price of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

How to Remove the Creases from the Picture of the "Fisherman's Pride."

The picture of the "Fisherman's Pride" will be delivered, carefully folded, within the leaves of this number of our Paper. We will suggest to purchasers the following simple method of removing the creases formed by the folding. Dampen the picture very slightly by laying it between two pieces of moistened cloth or paper, and pass a smoothing-iron, moderately heated, gently over the back. All the inequalities will yield completely to the pressure, and the picture will be restored to the condition in which it left the press.

Notice.

The public will be gratified to learn, as we are to announce, that the HON. N. P. BANKS will contribute to the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a Series of Original Articles written expressly for this paper. In enrolling this distinguished statesman and soldier among our contributors, we are convinced that the American people will appreciate his efforts in literature as they have his brilliant services in the field and in legislative halls.

The President vs. General Grant—A Question of Veracity.

THE President and General Grant are at issue on a question of veracity arising out of the matter of the reinstatement of Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War. It will be remembered that some time ago the President requested

Mr. Stanton to resign, which the latter declined to do, whereupon Mr. Johnson proceeded to suspend him from office, as, under the Tenure of Office Law, he had a right to do. He sent a voluminous paper to the Senate, giving his reasons for so doing. These proved unsatisfactory to the Senate, and that body refused to concur in the President's action, and consequently the suspension terminated, and Mr. Stanton, as a matter of course, was restored to his original position as Secretary of War—General Grant, who at the President's request acted as Secretary of War *ad interim*, vacating the place to the Secretary, as in law bound to do.

The President, it seems, expected General Grant to remain in the War Office, and in his own person fight the battle of the Executive against Congress, by testing the validity of the Tenure of Office Law before the Supreme Court. This, the General, from principle and with characteristic sagacity, declined to do, whereupon the President's organs charged him with betrayal of the President's confidence, and with violation of an explicit promise to Mr. Johnson that he would not give up his place to Mr. Stanton, whatever the action of the Senate; or that if he should resolve to obey the law, he would resign in time to permit the appointment of some man in his place who would submit to pull the President's chestnuts out of the fire, and take the risks of defying the enactments of the very law under which Mr. Johnson had acted in suspending Mr. Stanton.

These imputations, involving the truth, honor and integrity of the General, led him, on the 25th of January, to address a letter to the President, in which he recites his whole participation in the matter, in direct contradiction of the statements of the Administration newspapers and correspondents, who, it was well understood, received their authority for them from the White House. As it was evidently designed to do, this letter drew out a long reply from the President, in which he reaffirmed, as distinctly as it is possible for language to do, all the allegations of the newspapers. The President furthermore alleges that the General also agreed to call on Mr. Stanton, after his reinstatement, and urge him to resign; and he concludes by saying that the members of the Cabinet were present at the White House when the General admitted that all he (the President) now states was true.

The whole matter was thus reduced to a question of veracity between the General and the President, one affirming one thing and the other asserting the contrary. The letter of the President is dated the 31st of January. On the 3d of February General Grant replied, and as his letter, apart from what relates to the President's allegations, contains much that is explanatory of the General's position and policy—both of much interest to the public—we reproduce it entire. It will be seen that the chart by which General Grant is guided is strict subordination to law. He cannot be made the tool of those who would resist the laws, or who would pervert them to schemes of ambition or revenge. The General accepted the post of Secretary of War *ad interim*, and risked the odium of being thought acting in concert with the President or in his interest, because he thought that, by doing so, he would keep out some reckless or supple instrument of the Executive, who would further agitate and embarrass the country by "opposition to the laws." He did not take the place "for the purpose of enabling Mr. Johnson to get rid of Mr. Stanton."

It is said that the President proposes to reply to the General's letter, but we do not see that the issue can be in any way altered. The statements of the two are diametrically opposite and irreconcilable, and the result is an open breach between the President, his adherents and sympathizers, and the General, whose letter is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 3, 1868.

To His Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of the United States:

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 31st ult., in answer to mine of the 29th ult. After a careful reading and comparison of it with the article in the *National Intelligencer* of the 15th ult., the article over the initials "J. B. S." in the *New York World* of the 27th ult., purporting to be based upon your statement and that of the members of the Cabinet therein named, I find it only to be but a reiteration, only somewhat more in detail, of the many and gross misrepresentations contained in these articles, and which my statement of facts set forth in my letter of the 28th ult. was intended to correct; and here I reassert the correctness of my statements in that letter, anything in yours in reply to it to the contrary notwithstanding.

I confess my surprise that the Cabinet officers referred to should so greatly misapprehend the facts in the matter of admissions alleged to have been made by me at the Cabinet meeting on the 14th ult., as to suffer their names to be made the basis of the charges in the newspaper article referred to, or agree to the accuracy, as you affirm they do, of your account of what occurred at that meeting. You know that we parted on Saturday, the 11th ult., without any promise on my part, either expressed or implied, to the effect that I would hold on to the office of Secretary of War *ad interim* against the action of the Senate, or declining to do so myself, would surrender to you before such action was had, or that I would see you again at any fixed time on the subject. The performance of the promises alleged to have been made by me would have involved a resistance of the law and an inconsistency with: he whole history of my connection with the suspension of Mr. Stanton.

From our conversation and my written protest of

August 1, 1867, against the removal of Mr. Stanton, you must have known that my greatest objection to his removal was the fear that some one would be appointed in his stead who would, by opposition to the laws relating to the restoration of the Southern States to their proper relation to the Government, embarrass the army in the performance of the duties especially imposed upon it by the laws, and that it was to prevent such an appointment that I accepted the appointment of Secretary of War *ad interim*, and not for the purpose of enabling you to get rid of Mr. Stanton by my withholding it from him in opposition to the law, or, not doing so myself, surrendering to one who, as the statement and assumptions in your communication plainly indicate, was sought; and it was to avoid this danger, as well as to relieve you from the personal embarrassment in which Mr. Stanton's reinstatement would place you, that I urged the appointment of Governor Cox, believing that it would be agreeable to you, and also to Mr. Stanton, and satisfied that it was the good of the country and not the office the latter desired.

On the 13th ult., in the presence of General Sherman, I stated to you that I thought Mr. Stanton would resign, but did not say I would advise him to do so. On the 18th I did agree with General Sherman to go and advise him to that course, and on the 19th I had an interview alone with Mr. Stanton, which led me to the conclusion that any advice to him of this kind would be useless, and so informed General Sherman. Before I consented to advise Mr. Stanton to resign, I understood from him, in a conversation on the subject immediately after his reinstatement, that it was his opinion that the act of Congress entitled "An Act Temporarily to Supply Vacancies in the Executive Department in Certain Cases," approved February 20, 1863, was repealed by subsequent legislation, which materially influenced my action. Previous to this time I had no doubt that the law of 1863 was still in force, and notwithstanding my action, a fuller examination of the law leaves a question in my mind whether it is or is not repealed. This being the case, I could not now advise his resignation lest the same danger I apprehended from his first removal might follow.

The course you would have understood I agreed to pursue was in violation of law, and that without orders from you; while the course I did pursue, and which I never doubted you fully understood, was in accordance with law, and not in disobedience to any orders of my superior. And now, Mr. President, when my honor and integrity as a man have been so violently assailed, permit me for saying that I can but regard this whole matter from beginning to end as an attempt to involve me in the resistance of law for which you hesitate to assume the responsibility, in order thus to destroy my character before the country. I am, in a measure, confirmed in this conclusion by your recent orders directing me to disobey orders from the Secretary of War, my superior and your subordinate, without having countermanded his authority. With assurance, Mr. President, that nothing less than a vindication of my personal honor and character could have induced this correspondence on my part.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, General.

St. Thomas as a Gibraltar.

BOTH Admiral Porter and Hon. Robert J. Walker, in their various roscate letters, advocating the purchase of St. Thomas, have laid great stress on its dominating position, and capacity for becoming "a second Gibraltar." Its harbor, says Mr. Walker, "can be easily defended and made as impregnable as Gibraltar," and it will be not only "an ocean Gibraltar," but will "flank the British port of Nassau." And Admiral Porter says, "It is a central point from which any or all of the West India Islands can be assailed," "a small Gibraltar," and that "in time of war it would not be easy to blockade it by any force."

We will admit that by the erection of sufficient fortifications, mounted with sufficient guns of sufficient calibre, manned with a sufficient garrison, and supplied with sufficient stores, St. Thomas might be made not only a "small Gibraltar," but an "ocean Gibraltar." This, we take it, is mainly a question of time and money.

But what advantage would our "ocean Gibraltar" be, if it were surrounded by other Gibaltars, as well or better situated, and held by other nations, and these the only nations as powerful as ourselves? Suppose we should acquire St. Thomas and commence to raise our Gibraltar. What would happen?

A little to the eastward of St. Thomas, and within sight of it, lies the larger British island of Tortola, with a better harbor than that of St. Thomas, and quite as defensible. The English established themselves in Tortola in preference to St. Thomas, when they might have occupied the latter without dispute; and, during the great French war, Tortola was the rendezvous of the West India merchant ships, waiting for a convoy to England. As many as three hundred sail were sometimes collected there. Is there any intelligent man who does not know, if we were to obtain St. Thomas and commence our projected Gibraltar, to dominate Nassau and the West Indies (including Jamaica), that at that moment Great Britain would commence another Gibraltar within sight, to match it, block for block of masonry, gun for gun, and dollar for dollar in respect of cost? We should be dominated quite as much as we should dominate, and one Gibraltar would be just as good as the other. In a word, we should enter on a mutually stimulating race of extravagance, until exhausted, when perhaps we should both agree to demolish our costly Gibaltars and neutralize the islands.

But the building up of an American Gibraltar in St. Thomas would not only evoke a British one in Tortola, but a French one in an island larger, more fertile, and with more resources, nearly if not quite within sight of both. We mean the island of Santa Cruz or St. Croix, renowned for its rum. This island belongs to Denmark. Why was it not included in the same purchase with St. Thomas and St. John? Because France has a lien on it, and would not consent to its sale.

So our Gibraltar in St. Thomas would not only evoke or provoke a British Gibraltar in Tortola, but a French one in Santa Cruz, for the unscrupulous man who holds the mortgage

on the latter island would not hesitate to foreclose it the instant he saw any attempt on our part toward "dominating" the West Indies. Any such attempt would unite both England and France, who are far from being our friends, against us, and we should be involved in the ruinous game of "going it better," not alone with one but with two rich and powerful rivals.

We already "dominate" the West Indies to a large extent, and we shall in due time possess them; but this result will come by working from "interior lines," from the centre outward, and not from the circumference inward.

As for the "commercial importance" of St. Thomas, that is mainly due to the fact that it is a Free Port. The moment we extend our Revenue Laws over it, its importance in this respect will cease.

On its desirability as a naval station or a residence, we need add nothing to the terrible arguments of the hurricane and the earthquake. Four hundred shocks of earthquakes in sixty days, and a harbor filled with wrecks and putrid with the bodies of the drowned, afford the best commentary on both these points.

Uncertainties of Law.

Most people doubtless suppose that that they know the meaning of "bail." They suppose it to be a sort of obligation contracted by one party on behalf of another, whereby the first undertakes, under a specified penalty, that the second shall appear before the Court when called upon. And it is further popularly supposed that when the second party so surrenders himself, his bondsman is free. But from a case lately before the Courts, we learn how mistaken these notions are, and that, as the old story goes, the law is as nice as a new laid egg, and not to be meddled with by addle-headed people. A party, whom we shall call A, was required to give bail in some matter of debt. His bondsman, B, not being, we presume, qualified as regards his ownership of real estate, satisfied the Sheriff by depositing with him his certified check for \$2,500, with the undertaking that this should be given back when the case was over. When, in due course of time, A surrendered himself for trial, his creditor claimed to have his debt paid out of this check of \$2,500, deposited as security for A's appearance, and the Court decided that by law he was entitled to be so paid. To the civilian—not *civic*, as a signboard in Broadway has it—mind, the case stands thus: If A had not surrendered himself, his bail would have been, of course, forfeited; but A does surrender, and what then happens? Why, his bail is forfeited, just as though he had not. Again, the most that could have befallen A, would have been to have been compelled to pay his debt. Now he is set free, and B, who had simply—very simply—given security for A's appearance, is compelled, also, to pay A's debt—which, probably, is very satisfactory to A, whatever B may feel about it. We may say that the Judge fairly administered the law as he found it, and could render no other decision under the plain provision of the statute. Probably A considers the law a very wise and excellent thing, and we have observed that many people are in the same way of thinking—that is, when it is on their side. What the feelings of B toward the Sheriff are, can, as the novelists say, be better imagined than described.

The moral of this incident is, don't do more than you are asked to do. If a friend asks you to be his bail, be his bail if it suits you; but do not fortify your security by depositing money with the Sheriff, if you have any desire to see it again.

We commence in this number of our Journal the publication of "THE CHILD WIFE; A TALE OF THE TWO WORLDS," by CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. Our readers will find it a story of extraordinary interest, well worthy the pen of its distinguished and popular author. The occasion is not inopportune to renew our promise that, during the current year we shall present to the public through the columns of this Journal a series of literary productions of rare excellence, by authors of established fame.

Is it not somewhat strange that rascality has been ever prone to seek refuge under the flag of Great Britain? In the olden buccanering days, the pirates of the Spanish Main and of the Gulf, when hard chased by a cruiser whose nationality they were doubtful of, would always run up the British ensign as a last resource. In more recent times this flag served as a protection to piracy and smuggling of the most audacious sort against our own Government; and, still more recently, a tribe of predatory savages in our new possessions of Alaska, when caught in an incendiary attempt at Sitka, and fired upon from the American quarters, retreated to their village, and instantly hoisted the British flag. It proved in this instance, however, a less effectual cover to scoundrelism than usual, as a peremptory threat of immediate bombardment from General Davis brought down the "dreaded ensign," and caused a rapid substitution of the stars and stripes in its stead. It must be somewhat humiliating to the pride of the Eng-

has nation to know that the outlawry of the world have so long regarded its emblem of sovereignty as a safeguard against the just vengeance of honest people. Or rather, it would be humiliating if anything could humble the indomitable egotism of John Bull.

POLAND seems in a bad way, according to the recent report of the British Consul-General at Warsaw to the Foreign Office. This gentleman says that he fails to discern any improvement in the trade and commerce of Poland during the past year. The want both of labor and capital for agriculture is severely felt. In 1866 many persons were forced to sell their corn standing, and Jewish speculators of small means became the purchasers, by whose neglect and mismanagement great waste issued. Large tracts of land are going out of cultivation from the inability of the proprietors to find capital for the purchase of seed and payment of labor. A curious reason is given by the Consul-General for the scarcity of capital for the raising of cereals. This, he says, is owing to the culture of beetroot and manufacture of sugar, which is one of the most profitable commercial speculations; beetroot sugar is protected by a duty on imported sugar. The roads and bridges in Poland he describes as almost impassable except in midsummer or during hard frosts. The population of Poland, by the census of 1865, was 5,388,594. Of these, the total number of artisans employed in factories, working on agricultural and animal produce, was 92,000, and the total value of their productions 72,000,000 roubles, or in round numbers, \$4,000. The sugar factories employed 8,528 persons, and produced 3,783,925 roubles, or \$2,837,944. The external trade of Poland is put at \$1,500,000 roubles, or \$23,625,000. The exports were chiefly corn, timber and wool, and amounted to 15,400,000 roubles, or \$11,800,000. All or most of the agricultural distress would seem, in reality, owing to two causes: the lingering virus of the feudal system of tenure, and the obstinate adherence of the laborers to the old, clumsy, wasteful methods of cultivation.

"OUTSIDE the walls," is an expression growing obsolete in Europe, where, owing to the improvements in artillery and other causes, walls, except of modern construction and plan, have ceased to be defenses. Both lines of the old walls of Vienna have been leveled, and the space they occupied converted into Boulevards, or, as they are there called, Rings, planted with trees and lined with fine buildings, "with all the modern improvements." The famous fortifications of Antwerp are fast disappearing, and the site of those of Utrecht is occupied by one of the most beautiful drives in the world. In Florence, 500 workmen are employed in leveling the walls and in constructing from the debris a fine broad Boulevard around the city, to be planted with a double row of trees. In ten years the drive will doubtless be a very fine one, with its superb views of the distant Apennines and the nearer heights of Beloguardo and Fiesole.

THE parsimony and general "queerness" of Queen Victoria greatly disgusts her subjects, and the public wish for her abdication would be loud, were it not that the Prince of Wales is much distressed and disliked. The London Times is not alone in publishing paragraphs like the following:

"It is melancholy to read of an old man who has brought up five children on fifteen shillings a week, as one of the gardeners to the Queen, dying as an 'old worker'—in other words, as a pauper servant to other paupers—in a dreary ward of the Windsor workhouse."

THAT magnificent beggar, Lamartine, would like to have a contribution to enable him to come to America. We hope he may not get it, for he would then want another contribution to help him back.

In illustrating the railroad accidents that result so frequently in the burning of cars and of human beings, we intentionally give prominence to the most horrible features of such calamities. We wish the traveling public to have an accurate conception of the terrible torture to which they are exposed by the carelessness and improvidence of railroad companies. We propose to spur the popular sentiment to more active opposition to the loose and inefficient system that prevails. By appealing to the instincts of self-preservation, we hope to accomplish reform in railroad management. If any one doubts the necessity of such reform, and imagine that the Angola disaster and the more recent catastrophe on the Pennsylvania road are accidents of unusual occurrence, to underwrite them we will simply quote from papers of recent date, to prove that these car-burning accidents are becoming fearfully frequent. The Milwaukee Sentinel of Saturday, 1st inst., says:

"Yesterday morning about half-past three o'clock, as the train on the St. Paul Railroad, due here at seven o'clock, was about three miles west of Lowell, the sleeping and the ladies' car were thrown from the track by a broken rail. They became detached from the main train and rolled down an embankment some twenty feet in height, landing bottom upward. The passengers in both cars were knocked around, and several of them bruised to a greater or less extent. The stove in the ladies' car was torn from its fastenings, the doors broken open, and the fire scattered all over the car. The ladies' car took fire, and for a time it was feared that it would be destroyed and a number of the passengers who were lying helpless within it meet a horrible death. The coals from the stove set fire to the clothing of the passengers, burning several of them, some quite badly."

The Chicago Tribune gives particulars of the burning of one of the Pullman "palace sleeping-cars," last Saturday night (1st inst.), on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It says:

"The passengers on the Saturday night train coming east on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad were witnesses of an exciting incident which, fortunately, resulted in no loss of life, though it involved the destruction of one of Pullman's splendid palace cars, the 'City of Chicago,' and a small amount of property belonging to the passengers. The train was a short distance west of Budd Station, when a lady, the only female passenger in the car, found that the coach was filling with smoke, and calling attention to the fact, it was discovered that the rear part of the car had taken fire, probably from the overheating of a stove-pipe near the roof. As soon as possible the passengers

were transferred to the car in front, and it was decided to run the train on to Budd, a mile or two away, where water could be found for extinguishing the fire. When the station was reached the flames were bursting out from the rear part of the car, and when it was attempted to turn on the water from the tank, owing to the excitement of the occasion, the pipe was not made to work before the fire had communicated to the tank and the wood pile, and they all had to be abandoned to destruction."

We might advert to other accidents of similar character that have recently occurred, but the foregoing will suffice to demonstrate the urgent need of immediate measures to avoid this new and horrible feature in the results of railroad mismanagement—death by fire.

So brilliant and attractive in every feature have been the entertainments of the present ball season, that it would be difficult to single out a particular one, and award it the palm of excellence; yet, if there has been one which possessed our sympathies more than another, that one was the Charity Ball of the Hebrew Society, held at the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 6th inst. We were certainly gratified to see fashion succumb for once to the demands of benevolence, and hope that the event yielded a large harvest for the object in whose interest it was given.

The Superintendent of Buildings in New York city has caused a notice to be served on the proprietors and managers of theatres and public halls, prohibiting the blocking up of aisles, doorways and passages with chairs, camp-stools, benches or other obstructions to free egress. This is one step toward securing the public from the danger of being crushed or burned to death in case of fire at places of public amusement.

The sphere of journalism in this community has suffered a loss in the death of Anson Herrick, editor and proprietor of the New York Atlas, who breathed his last, at his residence in this city, on Thursday, 6th instant, after a few days' illness. Mr. Herrick was born in Lewiston, Maine, in 1812. In 1836 he removed to New York city, and applied himself to the occupation of journeyman printer. Two years afterward, in connection with John F. Rogers and Jesse Fell, he commenced the publication of the Atlas. His ability as a journalist was unquestioned, and as a local politician he exercised considerable influence, identifying himself closely with the Democratic party. In 1853 Mr. Herrick was elected a member of the Board of Aldermen, in which position he secured the confidence of the community by his faithful and zealous discharge of the functions of his office. He was appointed Naval Store-keeper by President Buchanan, and retained the office until a change of Administration. In 1862 Mr. Herrick was elected to the National House of Representatives, and fulfilled his Congressional career with satisfaction to his constituents and honor to himself. The surviving family consists of his widow and daughter and two sons, who are connected with the journal established by their father. In social life Mr. Herrick made many friends, and was universally and worthily esteemed.

On Saturday evening, 8th instant, a Grand Musical Festival was held at Irving Hall, in this city, in aid of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers. The entertainment, under the musical direction of Theodore Thomas, Esq., was very successful, both in an artistic and pecuniary point of view, and was in every way a worthy accompaniment of the magnificent enterprise for the relief of the Invalid Soldiers of the Republic. In this connection it is opportune to state that, in all its features, the undertaking in behalf of the Gettysburg Asylum promises a most happy consummation. The public have received such incontestable evidence of the good intentions and fair dealing of the managers, and of the worthiness of the object itself, that no apprehensions on that score are entertained, and in every part of the country the people are liberally investing in an enterprise that gives the hope of a valuable prize, and the certainty of assisting a benevolent project.

LOTTA.

In gastronomy there are some works specially known as *hors d'œuvres*—some dishes which rank neither with roast, boiled or fried, which are neither *potage* nor *pastry*.

Why should it not chance that we might have similar facts, dishes or works in the artistic world?

It would be difficult for a scientific feeder to assign *paté-de-faité* its legitimate place upon the carte, even now. As difficult would it have been, twenty years since, to determine where *caviare* should offer itself to the digestive organs of the accomplished gourmand.

But if this be a difficulty, how insurmountable a difficulty is presented to us in the theatrical world when the critic has to determine the position of a Lotta.

Some little arduousness might have presented itself in assigning a position to the sister of Lucille Western, or to that dashing little eccentric comedienne, Maggie Mitchell. But these difficulties count as nothing when compared with those which encircle the pious impersonator of *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness*.

She is amenable to no regular law, and can be estimated by no legitimate comparison. As an actress, strictly and legitimately speaking, she counts for nothing.

Yet she moves her audience essentially, and, what is better, she draws an audience that she will and can move and delight. How is it that she does so? It is not that she plays the banjo, for we have heard plenty of black minstrels play the banjo as well, or even much better. It cannot be by her singing, very certainly; nor, should we suppose, on it, by any possibility, be by her acting. For, as we are accustomed to value singing and acting, the little comedienne neither sings nor acts. How, then, is it that she is so positively attractive? That she has filled the Broadway every night, and that she will continue to fill it so long as she remains there? It is simply by her spirit—by that which we must call, because we have no other name to give it, her odd and telling genius. As an artist—but, no! she is no artist—as a marvelous little flash of peculiarity, she stands literally alone, and defies the aesthetic critic to scale her inches and determine her height. When she dances, her dance is as completely a thing *not generic* as her playing the banjo. She passes across the stage like a flash of lightning, and finds her way into the hearts of the spectators as laughingly and readily. In short, we know not how to account for her success. That she is neither the *Little Nell* nor the *Marchioness* of Charles Dickens is a certainty. Her *Little Nell* is decidedly her own—so is her *Marchioness*. They belong to her, and are portions of her individuality, as striking as if they had really been the two characters that the novelist had pencilled upon his sheets of foolscap. Is it that she has more or less talent than the writer who moulded the novel for her into a means of fascinating the public? We confess that we are unable to say, but we do know that her genius makes the two characters living realities of her own.

However we may gauge or undervalue her histrionic capability—whatever we might be inclined to say appreciatory or depreciatory of her singing, her acting or her banjo-playing, we must most unequivocally admit that in *petite Lotta* is essentially a genius.

She draws thronged houses. Of those who crowd the parquette and the boxes nightly, how few are there who can give a better estimate than we have done of the reason of her marvelous success!

CHAPTER FROM THE HEART. History of Mr. Charles Dickens.

THE following singular epistle, which bears marks of authenticity, exhibits an interesting page in the domestic life of the celebrated author, who is at present the literary lion of this part of the world:

TAVETOCK HOUSE, TAVETOCK SQUARE, LONDON.
W. E., Tuesday, May 26, 1858.

MY DEAR ARTHUR—You have not only my full permission to show this, but I beg you to show it to any one who wishes to do me right, or to any one who may have been misled into doing me wrong. Faithfully yours,
C. D.

To Arthur Smith, Esq.:

TAVETOCK HOUSE, TAVETOCK SQUARE, LONDON.
W. E., Tuesday, May 26, 1858.

Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. An attached woman-servant (more friend to both of us than a servant), who lived with us sixteen years, and is now married, and who was, and still is, in Mrs. Dickens's confidence and mine, who had the closest familiarity with this unhappiness in London, in the country, in France, in Italy, wherever we have been, year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day, will bear testimony to this.

Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation, but Mrs. Dickens's sister, Georgina Hogarth. From the age of fifteen she has devoted herself to our house and our children. She has been their playmate, nurse, instructor, friend, protectress, adviser, and companion. In the mainly consideration toward Mrs. Dickens which I owe to my wife, I will merely remark of her that the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the children in some one else. I do not know—I cannot by any stretch of fancy imagine—what would have become of them but for this aunt, who has grown up with them, to whom they are devoted, and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them.

She has remonstrated, reasoned, suffered and toiled, and come again to prevent a separation between Mrs. Dickens and me. Mrs. Dickens had often expressed to her sense of her affectionate care and devotion in the home—never more strongly than within the last twelve months.

For some years past Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart; that her always increasing estrangement made a mental disorder under which she sometimes labored; more, that she felt herself unfit for the life she had to lead as my wife, and that she would be better far away. I have uniformly replied that she must bear our misfortune, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration, and that I feared they must bind us together "in appearance."

At length, within these three weeks it was suggested to me by Foster, that even for their sake, it would surely be better to reconstruct, and re-arrange the unhappy home. I empowered him to treat with Mrs. Dickens as the friend of both of us for one and twenty years. Mrs. Dickens wished to add, on her part, Mark Lemon, and did so. On Saturday last Lemon wrote to Foster that Mrs. Dickens "gratifiedly and thankfully" accepted the terms I proposed to her. Of the pecuniary part of them I will only say that I believe they are as generous as if Mrs. Dickens were a lady of distinction and a man of fortune. The remaining parts of them are easily described—my eldest boy to live with Mrs. Dickens and to take care of her; my eldest girl to keep my house, both my girls and all my children, but the eldest son, to live with me in continued companionship of their Aunt Georgina, for whom they have all the tenderest affections that I have ever seen among young people, and who has a higher claim (as I have often declared, for many years) upon my affection, respect and gratitude than any body in this world.

I hope that no one who may become acquainted with what I write here, can possibly be so cruel and unjust as to put any misconception on our separation, so far. My elder children all understand it perfectly, and all accept it as inevitable.

There is not a shadow of doubt or concealment among us. My eldest son and I are one as to all. Two wicked persons, who should have spoken very differently of me in consideration of earned respect and gratitude, have (as I am told, and, indeed, to my personal knowledge) coupled with this separation the name of a young lady for whom I have a great attachment and regard. I will not repeat her name—I honor it too much. Upon my soul and honor, there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own dear daughters.

Further, I am quite sure that Mrs. Dickens having received this assurance from me, must now believe it in the respect I know her to have for me, and in the perfect confidence I know her in her better moments to repose in my truthfulness.

On this head, again, there is not a shadow of doubt or concealment between my children and me. All is open and plain among us, as though we were brothers and sisters. They are perfectly certain that I would not deceive them, and the confidence among us is without a fear.

Mr. C. L. Elliott, the portrait-painter, who has made his headquarters at Albany for some time past, has returned to this city, and taken a studio somewhere in the neighborhood of Wall street, where he will be occupied in painting the portraits of prominent financiers for some months to come.

Mr. Byron M. Fickett is engaged upon a portrait bust of the late Bishop Hopkins of Vermont. A collection of pictures and drawings from the pencil of Mr. J. F. Cropsey was sold by auction in the Leeds Art Galleries on Friday evening, February 7th. "Sandy Hook from Staten Island," "Dawn of Morning in the Thousand Isles," and "Niagara Falls in Winter," were fair specimens of the artist's manner of treating American scenery. Of his European gleanings, the best, perhaps, were "Stoke Pogis, the scene of Gray's Elegy," "An Italian Garden," and "At Corio Castle, Dorothea."

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Since my last, little change has taken place either in British or Continental affairs, public attention here being chiefly engrossed with Fenians, and the state of Ireland, and proposed remedies for the condition of the Emerald Isle. The most approved nostrums are the abolition of the Irish Church, agrarian laws for the greater facility of acquiring land, and restoration of "States Rights" to Ireland. All these topics are discussed by the journals and their contributors, and no doubt some one or the other will be broached when the Parliament meets. The dimensions that the disaffection has assumed are chiefly owing to the end of the American contest, which sent back to Ireland the Irish element of the Union armies, while the Americans returned to their ordinary occupations on their Western farms. Besides the American sympathisers, foreign

intrigue much nearer home have been pointed out by the Austrian press, and there can be no doubt but that the state of Ireland is favorable for certain Powers which look to far-sighted schemes of conquest or aggrandizement, to be carried on the more successfully by paralyzing British power of action. There is no danger from Fenianism in England or Scotland, as all classes are equally opposed to it, and there is a plethora of special constables enough to stamp out any sparks of that incendiary which might show them alive. There is some risk that liberty may suffer now or hereafter from the effects of public panic; already the police are armed with swords and revolvers at night, their organization is made more military, and England in this respect is becoming assimilated to Ireland. Should further repressive measures be caused for the alleged security of the public, then the condition of the empire might be imperiled by the timidity of the middle classes placing the idea of safety higher than that of liberty, without which there is neither safety nor progress. The incidents indeed that have happened are not sufficient to cause an alteration of the law, but may be made use of for that purpose.

The Fenian prisoners, Burke and Casey, have been sent to Warwick Castle for trial, but their counsel are moving to have them tried in London. The judges have not yet decided, but seem to think them better where they are, and that there is no legal reason for trying them in London.

The journals and law scribes have been discussing what constitutes a naturalized American citizen. About the American-born citizen there is no doubt; but those who take up the mantle of the United States set up claims for immunity afforded to no one, and to which no European nation can submit. Either the naturalized American citizen must conform to the laws of the country in which he happens to be, or he cannot be received at all on its shores. There has been great reluctance of late years to pass "Alien Bills," as they are not agreeable to foreign residents, but they are obvious remedies for the grievance. The lawyers have, however, as usual, gone wrong. They want to try British subjects for offenses committed out of the empire. This is of course inadmissible, as no court has jurisdiction out of its own territory. Such trials are, of course, only contemplated of British subjects who return to Britain, and is done it appears in civil cases by a fictitious venue. But it is very obnoxious, and would lead to a conflict of laws. In fact, the *Civis Britannicus* is at a discount; in America he renounces his all-gilt, and in France he is to be conscribed into "la grande armée," at home he is to be responsible for what he has done abroad. The lawyers would make the right of "subjection," for it cannot be called "citizenship," a very questionable privilege. On the other hand, the "British subject" clanking his chains at the footsteps of an Abyssinian tyrant has brought a host of moles as that of Darius or Cambyses to the shores of the Red Sea, and will be avenged in a manner and at a price beyond compare.

The Queen has published another work: it is more entertaining than the first, which gave to the world the childhood of Prince Albert and his early years, which had nothing in them very particular. A good memoir of the King of the Belgians, who performed very fairly on this mortal stage Shakespeare's seven ages, would be a *bona fide* *politique*. The most entertaining memoirs are those which are the least reserved, and as it is not possible to tell truths of the living, the post-mortem biographies are the only instructive and piquant "lives to be written."

Russia is going ahead; Poland, formerly swallowed, is at last digested, and clasped as "the Province of the Vistula." The German provinces are now to have their turn; they are to be "assimilated to the empire, learn Russian, and become orthodox Greek Christians. As they formerly supplied the governmental intelligence to the empire, which drew from thence its ablest civil and military officers, it shows the ascendancy of the purely Russian party. The nobles of the German provinces sent a deputation to the emperor, remonstrating against it, but without favorable result. This is of course done to prevent the German provinces sympathizing with the North German Confederation hereafter. In fact Russia is alarmed at the prospect of German unity, which is a good set-off against Pan-Slavism. Those who think that Russia could possibly have fostered "German unity" for her own interests have taken a very short-sighted view of the political positions. Germany is not only a bulwark against further conquest in Western Europe, but menaces the integrity of Russia itself, as she tacitly avows by the proceedings in reference to these German provinces. This great and powerful empire has in it the seeds of disunion, and it is only by the excitement of conquest that the diverse races which it endeavors to brace together by the bond of Greek orthodoxy can be retained. It is not the United States "miscegenating" the European races into a new nation. It relies on the power of annihilation, as the States do on coercion. Such a policy will of course call forth some resistance, and Prussia has joined France and England on the Eastern Question. As the North German Confederation has had some lively discussion on the subject, it remains to be seen what action, present or future, it will take on this question. All indications show the reopening of the Eastern Question, the closer alliance of France and England, and another great war to curb still further the ambition and designs of Russia, of whom those maritime powers, which do not admit that the flag covers the cargo, are the masters at sea, as they can at any time stop her exports. It is perhaps in connection with this impending war that the Alabama claims are still unsettled, as Russia would gladly see the United States for her own maritime purposes, and to counter-balance the superiority of the navies of France and England. Hence the respect, attention, and cajolery used toward the United States, whose real interests and whole principle of existence are antagonistic to any interference in Europe for the object of still further augmenting the preponderance of Russia, which has received a heavy blow from "German unity." Turkey is visibly alarmed, and France arming, and the next few months and fine fighting weather will show the upshot.

In the literary and scientific world one of the principal events is the death of the Duc de Luyes. He was an excellent archaeologist, devoted to the fine arts, a liberal patron to men of letters, fond of literary fame, and author of several learned works, which he published and distributed to scientific men and institutions. He died at Rome, where he had gone to fight it out for the Pope, and died of a cold there contracted. Rome is always an unhealthy spot, and all maladies there contracted have a tendency to turn to malice. It is at present tranquil; order reigning there by a large body of Papal Squares, who are only half drilled and do not inspire full confidence, and 15,000 French troops who are at Civita Vecchia. In the meantime Italy has stopped payment of the five millions of francs which she paid the Pope for the revenues of the States annexed in 1860. All are waiting the will of the Emperor Napoleon, but he is in no hurry to make up his mind. There is nothing very new in literature or science. The attempt to add correctness to the delicacies of the table still continues, and several *petits-forts* have pronounced it better than beef, but the vision of *doux* meat floats so much before the eye, that it will be some time before horses' heads rank as a *pâté de restaurant* for the table. The truth is, the ox is cheaper and better, more easily fattened for the shambles, and a time-honored victim of human digestion. Young horses are too valuable, old ones too unsuitable for the purposes of food, except in disguise. Even the eland has failed; the one recently got up and exhibited at the Agricultural Show did not realize a sufficient price to tempt the rearing, and was bought by an animal dealer, not butcher, but whether for show or slaughter is unknown. Our epicures did not go in sufficiently for the new vivand.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.



A BAZAAR IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

A Bazaar at Constantinople, Turkey.
A picture of Oriental life is much the same to day as it was centuries ago. It is to the caprices of Caucasian enlightenment that we must look for the kaleidoscopic

description in the "Arabian Nights" of similar institutions in Bagdad, Damascus and other cities of the East that constitute the *locale* of most of those "Thousand and One Entertainments." The bazaars are of two classes, the open places for the sale of animals and bulky produce,



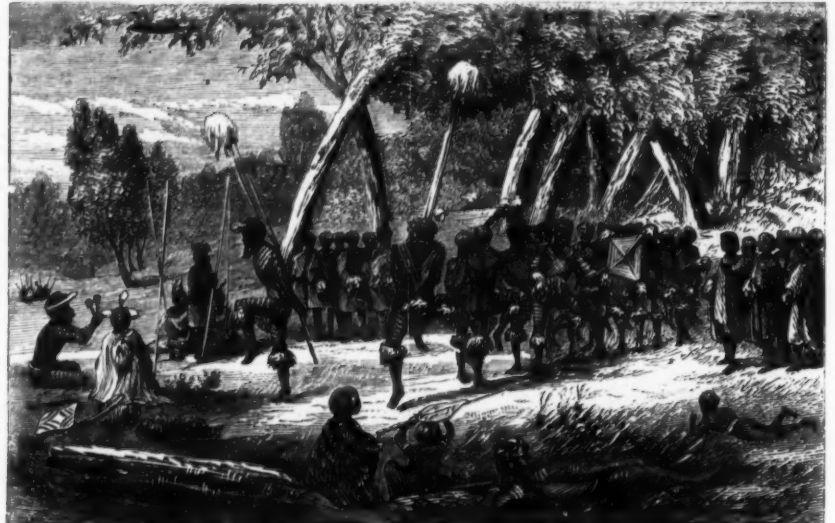
INVITATION TO A MARRIAGE IN HOLSTEIN.

are small, and the dealer sits cross-legged upon a raised platform, surrounded by his goods; the purchaser often sits by the dealer's side while bargaining. The bazaars at Constantinople are frequented not only for the purpose of shopping, but to meet acquaintances and talk

Reception of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh by the Mayor and Corporation of Melbourne, Australia.
The visit of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh to Australia was made the occasion of a series of grand



RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.



AUSTRALIA—KURI DANCE BEFORE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



ROME—THE POPE RECEIVING THE OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO ITALY.

changes in manners, dresses, architecture and morals that give the spice of variety to society. A Turkish bazaar in Constantinople, at the present time, in its general appearance and details, answers very well the

which are usually in the suburbs, and the covered bazaars for the retail trade. The latter kind are divided into streets or passages, each passage being generally devoted to the sale of a particular article. The shops



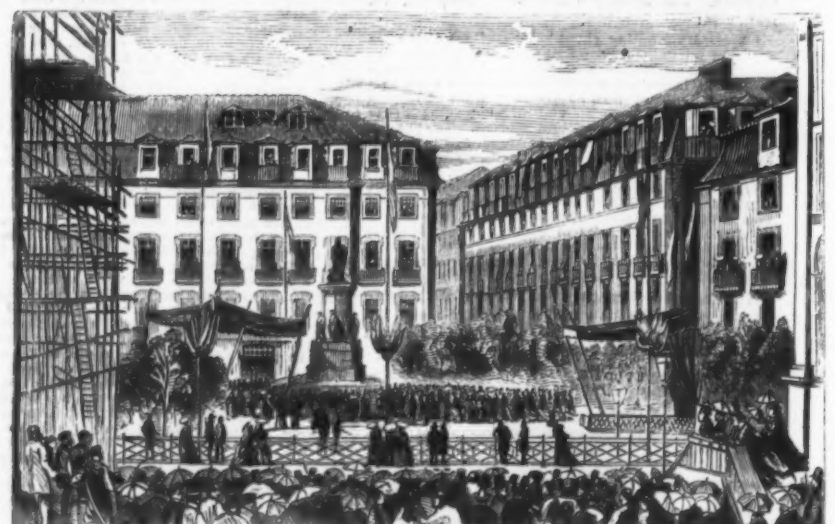
EMBELLISHMENTS OF PARIS—THE NEW OPENING OF THE RUE DE RENNES, AT PARIS, FRANCE.

over the news of the day. They, therefore, present scenes about as lively and cheerful as any afforded by the somewhat dull routine of Oriental society; and it is one of those scenes that we represent in our engraving.

demonstrations of welcome at the towns and cities through which he passed. Everywhere the young prince was received with the utmost enthusiasm; but the crowning and most imposing ceremony was his



FAMINE IN ALGERIA—THE ARCHBISHOP OF ALGIERS ADOPTING ORPHANS AT THE EPISCOPAL PALACE.



INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF CAMOENS, AT LISBON, PORTUGAL.



NEW ICE PLANER AND SNOW CLEARER AT WORK AT UNION POND, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 358.

reception by the Mayor and Corporation of Melbourne, on Monday, the 25th of November last. The scene is represented in our engraving. The city put on its best holiday attire; never did it look so gay, never were so many people assembled together in the Southern Hemisphere. The ceremonies were much the same as on similar occasions in other parts of the world, with perhaps a dash of Australian freshness and vigor. When the procession reached the Town Hall, his Worship the Mayor (Mr. J. S. Butters) advanced to the carriage, and, after a few words of welcome, read the address, and presented it to his Royal Highness, who gracefully responded.

The Pope Receiving the Officers of the French Expedition to Italy, at the Vatican, Rome.

On the 1st of January last at noon, the Pope gave audience at the Vatican, in the Throne Room, to Gen-

eral de Failly, Rear-Admiral Laton de Laidébat, and a deputation of French naval and military officers who arrived from Civita-Vecchia. The reception was of the most cordial character. In answer to the congratulations of the General, Pius IX spoke in French in the following terms: "I have already made manifest in the last Consistory the sentiments that I entertain toward noble and generous France, her valiant army, and her sovereign. Still, it pleases me to express my thanks again to that very Christian nation that has exhibited toward me a filial solicitude, and to thank again that army that hastened to my succor, and the sovereign that sent it. Yes, I bless France, her army, and her emperor. I bless you particularly, gentlemen, and your companions in arms, retained by duty away from Rome." At these words, all present bowed, and His Holiness pronounced the Latin formula and the Apostolic benediction.

Famine in Algeria—The Archbishop of Algiers Adopting Arab Orphans at the Episcopal Palace.

Famine! Such is the fearful word that is heard in many countries of Europe. Civilization, so proud of itself, attains a situation that is ordinarily known only to barbarous people. In Ireland, in Sweden, in Russia, in Prussia, in Turkey, in Algeria, there are regions where the population are actually dying of hunger. But of all those countries, Algeria is that which sends us the most distressing accounts. The unfortunate Arabs have not even the roots of the wilderness to depend upon, and hunger overpowers them by thousands, in caverns, on the highways, and at the gates of cities. In fact, Algeria has been assailed by the most terrible disasters. An earthquake has destroyed a great number of its habitations, the locusts have devoured the crops, the cholera has decimated its population; and now a

general and growing famine visits them as the consequence of these misfortunes. It is said that 800,000 of the inhabitants have succumbed to the famine and the pestilence. But the spirit of Charity is not idle, and our engraving represents the touching spectacle of one of those scenes the most consoling in the midst of so much suffering. It is the adoption of the poor Mohammedan children by the Archbishop of Algiers. The Corps Legislatif of France has voted 400,000 francs for the relief of the starving colonists, and a great deal is being done by the benevolence of private individuals to alleviate the misery of the colonists. Still, the evil is too extensive to find its remedy in the philanthropy of France, and it is said that the Algerines are earnestly looking to the United States for succor.

Invitation to Marriage in Holstein, Germany.

In Holstein the expression "No Cards" is evidently



LATEST FASHION FOR GENTLEMEN.—SEE PAGE 358.

not in use in the publication of marriage notices; the nearest approach to it would be no ribbon. It is the custom there, on the occasion of a wedding, for a messenger to ride from house to house, with a supply of gay ribbons, each one of which constitutes an invitation to the nuptial ceremony. The wedding guests receive the strips of silk in lieu of cards, and wear them as a part of their festive toilet. Our engraving represents one of these heralds of Hymen blithely fulfilling his joyous errand.

The Kuri Dance, as Witnessed by the Duke of Edinburgh in South Australia.

Amidst the spectacles arranged for the entertainment of the Duke of Edinburgh during his stay in South Australia, one was a grand corroboree of the natives. The performance came off while he was at the lakes, and the singular scene was such as to afford evident gratification to the duke, and to all present. There are different kinds of corroborees, and the one performed on this occasion was that known as the Kuri, which surpasses all the others in point of singularity and dramatic effect. It is generally practiced on moonlight nights, when the gathering together of several tribes, or some other occasion of importance, calls forth a display of these native amusements. The Kuri appears to have no connection whatever with their religious ceremonies, and is entirely a recreative dance, of a wild and savage character. In this dance the two leaders of the company are adorned with a curious ornament called *pa-yeratta*, made of two pieces of stick put crosswise, and bound together by strings of opossum fur. Two others carry each a long spear, to which a bunch of emu feathers is attached, and human hair is wound down its whole length. Each performer has gum-leaves attached to his legs just above the knees, and the men are all painted with pipeclay mixed with grease, giving them a hideous appearance. The dance is performed by the men moving in a body, and stamping with their alternate feet, the dry gum-leaves making a loud crackling noise at every step. Our engraving represents a this wild and curious scene.

Embellishment of Paris—New Opening of the Rue de Rennes, in Paris, France.

Our engraving represents the work of opening the Rue de Rennes, in Paris, beyond the Place St. Germain, where it formerly terminated. The object is to afford a thoroughfare from the depot of the Central, Versailles, and Brittany Railroad Lines, on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse. The work progresses with surprising rapidity, as, indeed, does every enterprise connected with the embellishment of Paris, under the inspiration of the indefatigable emperor.

Inauguration of the Statue of Camoens, at Lisbon, Portugal.

The City of Lisbon has recently erected a statue to its immortal poet, Camoens. The king, Dom Luis I., presided at the ceremony. The statue is of bronze, and is a purely national work. It was designed and executed by the sculptor, Victor Bastos, and was cast from the cannon taken from the Spaniards in 1600. Above the base are four steps, upon which is placed an octagonal pedestal. At the angles are eight plinths, upon which are statues representing F. Lopes, the first Portuguese historian; Pedro Nunes, Cosmographer; Gomes d'Amara, Joao das Barros, Fernao Lopes de Castanheda, nautical writers; Vasco Mouslingho de Quevedo, Jeronymo Corte Real, and Francisco de Sa de Menezes, epic poets, who celebrated the discoveries and conquests of the Portuguese. Above these statues is the effigy of the illustrious poet, Camoens. He is attired in court dress. His cloak falls in elegant folds, resting on one side on a cushion, on the other side upon books—allegorical suggestions of his life—of soldier and poet. The Portuguese coat-of-arms, in use from the time of Don John I. to that of Don Sebastian, is sculptured on the principal side of the pedestal. Above is the following inscription: *To Luis de Camoens*. The monument is an artistic work of great merit, and worthy of the national poet of Portugal.

New Ice-Planer and Snow-Clearer at Work at Union Pond, Brooklyn, E. D., Long Island.

Since skating has become a fashionable pastime with the beaux and belles of civilized communities within the sweep of Jack Frost's icy sceptre, the difficulty of keeping the ponds smooth and free from snow has become a matter for consideration. The ice-planers that hitherto have been in use were unable to cut more than a quarter of an inch in depth at a time, making the task of planing the ice an arduous one. A few days ago, Mr. Cammeyer invited Mr. Ryan, the engineer of the Central Park, in this city, and the commissioners of that park and of Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, to witness the "Union Pond Ice-Planer" at work. The trial took place at the Union Pond, in Williamsburg, and proved eminently successful. With one pair of horses, solid blue ice, to the depth of 2½ inches and 30 inches in width, was cut, with the thermometer ranging at 19 degrees above zero. This planer is so constructed that it can cut to any required depth, from the sixteenth of an inch to three inches. The snow-clearers are simple in construction, but very efficient in removing the snow from the ice, after the planer has gone over the surface. Both planer and snow-clearer are represented in our engraving.

LATEST FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

In Paris there seems at the present time to be a tendency to prefer the single-breasted Paletots or Cheaterfields, to the double-breasted styles. Figure 2 in our plate gives an exact idea of the present fashion for these overcoats, both as regards material, form, cut and details of trimmings and making up.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

Fig. 1. Promenade Costume.—Single-breasted Newmarket Jacket of black Satin, made with extremely long turnovers; edges double-stitched; pockets in black plaids. There is no seam across the waist in this Coat, the figure being defined by a slash under the arm. Double-breasted Waistcoat of the same material as Coat. Trousers of light striped anglo.

Fig. 2 is a Promenade Costume, and consists of a single-breasted Paletot of drab or light Bismarck Whiteny; the collar covered with velvet to match, and the edges bound with broad fancy braid. Trousers of dark colored Tweed, with darker band at side seam.

Fig. 3. Morning Costume for Home, or Smoking Costume.—Dressing-Gown of grey cloth, or thin Witney or Elysian. It has the collar of the shawl form, and has all the edges trimmed by a broad crimson braid laid on flat. The pockets are in the front skirt, and also trimmed with the braid; the edges of the Waistcoat are bound with the braid, which makes it look narrower than that on the other parts of the Coat, where it is laid on flat. This Dressing-Gown is cut exactly like a loose Paletot, but with the skirt very long.

Fig. 4. is a Young Gentleman's Costume.—Loose single-

breasted Jacket, cut with stand up or uniform collar, and having the collar and cuffs covered, and the edges and pocket-flaps bordered, with Astrakan fur. Trousers of blue and black Tweed or Angola, of a rather bright shade of color.

Fig. 5. Promenade or Traveling Costume.—Inverness Cape of Olive green Beaver or Melton, the edges finished by a broad braid. Cape lined with Silk serge to match. Trousers of Chocolate-colored West of England stripe.

Fig. 6. Lounging Costume.—Suit of brown diagonal Plati's Tweed. The Jacket single-breasted, with very short turnovers; edges raw and double-stitched. Waistcoat without collar, closing high; and close-fitting Trousers with raised seam at side.

TENDER AND TRUE.

AND so the fellow's dead, you say?

I noticed he was thinner—

He scarcely ate a morsel, too,

At Mrs. Dasher's dinner.

I must confess he's no great loss,

But every partner counts

When one's to give a ball, you know.

(Rip off that awkward flouncee).

A story has got round somehow—

Its truth I don't deny—

That since I jilted him last year

He seemed inclined to die.

However this may be, I own

It's something rather new,

And apt to make, I should suppose,

A nervous person blue.

I'm not the one for trifles, though,

To languish and get thin!

If men are fools, I'm not to blame—

(That ribbon shows the pin).

Besides, it's not my fault, but pa's,

Who sent me out of town,

And I was full enough of spite

To flirt with any clown.

Of course affairs looked different

As soon as I returned,

And looks of hair and *bûllets-doux*

Were very wisely—burned.

But then he grew unbearable,

And sighed some love-sick stuff,

That made me yawn so horribly,

It threw him in a huff.

Since then, if you'll believe it,

He's hardly deigned to bow.

(Ah, yes, my dress looks beautiful!

Tell James I'm ready now).

In commending the following story to the attention of our readers, we can promise them an extreme gratification in its perusal. It possesses a peculiar charm and fascination, that grows as the tale progresses and the plot is developed; and we are confident that the popular judgment will pronounce it the masterpiece of its distinguished author, and the best of its kind among the literary productions of the day.

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.—THE ISLE OF PEACE.

AQUIDNEO—"Isle of Peace!" Oh, Coddington, and ye Assistants of the General Court! what craze possessed you to change this fair title of the red aboriginal for the petty appellation of "Rhodes?"

Out upon your taste—your classic affectation! Out upon your ignorance—to mistake the "Roost" of the old Dutch navigator for that name appertaining to the country of the Colossus!

In the title bestowed by Block there was at least appropriateness—even something of poetry. Sailing around Sachuest Point, he beheld the grand woods, red in the golden sun-glow of autumn, flamed upon his delighted eyes the crimson masses of tree foliage, and the festoonery of scarlet creepers. Before his face were bright ochreous rocks cropping out from the cliff. Down in his log-book went the "Red Island!"

Oh, worthy Coddington, why did you reject the appellation of the Indian? Or why decree such clumsy transformation to that of the daring Dutchman?

I shall cling to the old title—"Isle of Peace," though in later times less apt than when the Wampanoag bather his bronzed limbs in the tranquil waters of the Narraganset, and paddled his light canoe around its rock-girt shores.

Since, then, Aquidneo! too often hast thou felt the sore scathing of war. Where now thy virgin woods that rejoiced the eyes of Verrazano, fresh from Tuscan scenes? Where thy grand oaks, elms and maples? Thy green pines and red cedars? Thy birches that gave bark, thy chestnuts affording food; thy *sassafras* laurel, restorer of health and life?

Gone—all gone! Swept away by the torch and axe of the ruthless red-coated destroyer—their absence the only trace left of his "foul footsteps' pollution!"

Despite thy despoliation, Aquidneo, thou art still a fair spot. Once more the Isle of Peace, the abode of Love—its very Agapemone; every inch of thy turf trodden by lovers' feet—every ledge of thy cliffs listening to the old, old story.

Newport, in the year of our Lord 15—, in the "height of the season."

An apartment in that most hospitable of American hostilities, the Ocean House, with a window looking southward.

On the *terrace* stage, commanding a continuous balcony, with a view of the Atlantic, spreading broad and blue, beyond the range of the telescope. Sachuest Point on the left, with the spray, like snowflakes, breaking over the Cormorant rock; on the right, Weaver Tail, with its bescon; be-

tween them a fleet of fishing craft, dipping for striped-bass and tautog; in the far offing the spread sails of a full-rigged ship, and the plumelike smoke soaring up from a steamer—both broadside to the beholder, on their way between the two great sea-ports of Shawmut and Manhattan.

A noble view in this opening of the great estuary of Narraganset—one upon which beautiful eyes have often rested.

Never more beautiful than those of Julia Girdwood, the occupant of the apartment above-mentioned.

She is not its sole occupant. There is another young lady beside her, her cousin, Cornelia Inskip. She has also pretty eyes, of a bluish tint; but they are scarce observed after looking into those orbs of dark bistre, that seem to burn with an everlasting lovelight.

In the language of the romance-writer, Julia would be termed a *brunette*, Cornelia a *blonde*. Their figures are as different as their complexion: the former tall and of full womanly development, the latter of low stature, slighter, and to all appearance more youthful.

Equally unlike their dispositions. She of the dark complexion appears darker in thought, with greater solemnity of movement; while, judging by her speech, the gay, Sprightly Cornelia thinks but little of the past, and still less about the future.

Robed in loose morning-wrappers, with tiny slippers poised upon their toes, they are seated in a couple of rocking-chairs, just inside the window. The eyes of both, sweeping the blue sea, have just descried the steamer coming from beyond the distant Point Judith, and heading in a north-easterly direction.

It was a fine sight, this huge black monster beating its way through the blue water, and leaving a white seething track behind it.

Cornelia sprang out into the balcony to get a better view of it.

"I wonder what boat it is?" she said. "One of the great ocean steamers, I suppose—a *Cunarder*!"

"I think not, Nell. I wish it was one, and I aboard of it. Thank Heaven! I shall be, before many weeks."

"What! tired of Newport already? We'll find no pleasanter place in Europe. I'm sure we shan't."

"We'll find pleasanter people, at all events."

"Why, what have you got against them?"

"What have they got against us? I don't mean the natives here. They're well enough, in their way. I speak of their summer visitors, like ourselves. You ask what they've got against us. A strange question!"

"I haven't noticed anything."

"But I have. Because our fathers were retail storekeepers, these J's and L's and B's affect to look down upon us! You know they do."

Miss Inskip could not deny that something of this had been observed by her. But she was one of those contented spirits who set but little store upon aristocratic acquaintance, and are therefore insensible to its slights.

With the proud Julia it was different. If not absolutely slighting, the "society" encountered in this fashionable watering-place had in some way spited her—that section of it described as the J's and the L's and the B's.

"And for what reason?" she continued, with increasing indignation. "If our fathers were retail storekeepers, their grandfathers were the same. Where's the difference, I should like to know?"

Miss Inskip could see none, and said so. But this did not tranquilize the chafed spirit of her cousin, and perceiving it, she tried to soothe her on another tack.

"Well, Julia, if the Miss J's, and Miss L's, and Miss B's look down on us, their brothers don't. On you, I'm sure they don't."

"Better their brothers! A fig for their condescension. Do you take me for a stupid, Nell? A million dollars left by my father's will, and which must come to me at mother's death, will account for it. Besides; unless the quicksilver in my looking-glass tells a terrible lie, I'm not such a fright."

She might well talk thus. Than Julia Girdwood, anything less like a fright never stood in front of a mirror. Full-grown, and of perfect form, this storekeeper's daughter had all the grand air of a duchess. The face was perfect as the figure. You could not look upon it without thoughts of love; though strangely, and somewhat unpleasantly, commingled with an idea of danger. It was an aspect that suggested Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, or the beautiful murderers of Darnley.

In her air there was no awkwardness—not the slightest sign of humble origin, or the gauche that usually springs from it. Something of this might have been detected in the country cousin, Cornelia. But Julia Girdwood had been stepping too long on the flags of the Fifth Avenue, to be externally distinguished from the proudest damsels of that aristocratic street. Her mother's house was in it.

"It is true, Julia," assented her cousin; "you are both rich and beautiful. I wish I could say the same."

"Come, little flatterer! if not the first, you are certainly the last; though neither counts for much here."

"Why did we come here?"

"I had nothing to do with it. Mamma is answerable for that. For my part I prefer Saratoga, where there's less pretensions about pedigree, and where a shopkeeper's daughter is as good as his granddaughter. I wanted to go there this season. Mother objected. Nothing would satisfy her but Newport, Newport, Newport! And here we are. Thank heaven! it won't be for long."

"Well, since we are here, let us at least enjoy what everybody comes for—the bathing."

"Pretends to come for, you mean? Dipping their skins in salt water, the Miss J's, and L's,

and B's—much has that to do with their presence at Newport! A good thing for them if it had! It might improve their complexions a little. Heaven knows they need it; and heaven be thanked I don't."

"But you'll bathe to-day?"

"I shan't!"

"Consider, cousin! It's such a delightful sensation."

"I hate it!"

"You're jesting, Julia?"

"Well, I don't mean that I dislike bathing—only in that crowd."

"But there's no exclusiveness on the Beach."

"I don't care. I won't go among them any more—on the Beach, or elsewhere. If I could only bathe out yonder, in the deep blue water, or amid those white breakers we see. Ah! that would be a delightful sensation! I wonder if there's any place where we could take a dip by ourselves?"

"There is; I know the very spot. I discovered it the other day, when I was out with Keziah gathering shells. It's down under the cliffs. There's a sweet little cave, a perfect grotto, with a deepish pool in front, and smooth sandy bottom, white as silver. The cliff quite overhangs it. I'm sure no one could see us from above; especially if we go when the people are bathing. Then everybody would be at the Beach, and we'd have the cliff shore to ourselves. For that matter, we can undress in the cave, without the chance of a creature seeing us. Keziah could keep watch outside. Say you'll go, Julia!"

"Well, I don't mind. But what about mamma? She's such a terrible stickler for the proprieties. She may object?"

"We needn't let her know anything about it. She don't intend bathing to-day; she's just told me so. We two can start in the usual style, as if going to the Beach. Once outside, we can go our own way. I know of a path across the fields that'll take us almost direct to the place. You'll go?"

"Oh, I'm agreed."

"It's time for us to set out then. You hear that tramping along the corridor? It's the bathers about to start. Let us call Keziah, and be off."

As Julia made no objection, her sprightly cousin tripped out into the corridor; and, stopping before the door of an adjoining apartment, called "Keziah!"

The room was Mrs. Girdwood's; Keziah, her servant—a sable-skinned damsel, who played lady's maid for all three.

"What is it, child?" asked a voice evidently not Keziah's.

"We're going to bathe, aunt," said the young lady, half-opening the door, and looking in. "We want Keziah to get ready the dresses."

"Yes, yes," rejoined the same voice, which was that of Mrs. Girdwood herself. "You hear, Keziah? And hark ye, girls!" she added, addressing herself to the two young ladies, now both standing in the doorway, "see that you take a swimming lesson. Remember we are going over the great seas, where there's many a chance of getting drowned."

"Oh, ma! you make one shiver."

"Well, well, I hope swimming may never be needed by you. For all that, there's no harm in being able to keep your head above water, and that in more senses than one. Be quick, girl, with the dresses! The people are all gone; you'll be late. Now, then, off with you!"

Keziah soon made her appearance in the corridor, carrying a bundle.

A stout, healthy-looking negress—her woolly head "toqued" in New Orleans style, with a checkered bandanna—she was an appanage of the defunct storekeeper's family; specially designed to give to it an air Southern, and of course aristocratic. At this time Mrs. Girdwood was not the only Northern lady who selected her servants with an eye to such effect.

Slippers were soon kicked off, and kid boots pulled on in their places. Hats were set coquettishly on the head, and shawls—for the day was rather cool—were thrown loosely over shoulders.

"Come on!" and at the word the cousins glided along the gallery, descended the great stair, tripped across the piazza outside, and then turned off in the direction of the Bath Road.

Once out of sight of the hotel, they changed their course, striking into a path that led more directly toward the cliff.

In less than twenty minutes after, they might have been seen descending it, through one of those sloping ravines that here and there interrupt the continuity of the precipice—Cornelia going first, Julia close after, the turbaned negress, bearing her bundle, in the rear.

CHAPTER II.—A BRACE OF NAIADS.

THEY were soon.

A solitary gentleman sauntering along the cliff, saw the girls go down.

He was coming from the direction of Ochre Point, but too far off to tell more than that they were two young ladies, followed by a black servant.

He thought it a little strange at that hour. It was bathing time upon the Beach. He could see the boxes discharging their gay groups in costumes of green and blue, crimson and scarlet—in the distance looking like parti-colored Lilliputians.

"Why are these two ladies not along with them?" was his reflection. "Shell-gatherers, I suppose" was the conjecture that followed. "Searchers after strange seaweeds. From Boston, no doubt. And I'd bet high that the nose of each is bridged with a pair of blue spectacles."

The gentleman smiled at the conceit, but suddenly changed it. The sable complexion of the servant suggested a different conclusion.

"More like they are Southerners?" was the muttered remark.

After making it he ceased to think of them.

He had a gun in his hand, and was endeavoring to get a shot at some of the large sea-birds now and then sweeping along the escarpment of the cliff.

As the tide was still only commencing to return from its ebb, these flow low; picking up their food from the stranded algae that, like a fringe, followed the outlines of the shore.

The sportsman observing this, became convinced he would have a better chance below; and down went he through one of the gaps—the first that presented itself.

Keeping on toward the Forty Steps, he progressed only slowly. Here and there rough ledges required scaling; the yielding sand also delayed him.

But he was in no hurry. The chances of a shot were as good at one place as another. Hours must elapse ere the Ocean House gong would summon its scattered guests to their grand dinner. He was one of them. Until that time he had no reason for returning to the hotel.

The gentleman thus leisurely strolling is worthy a word or two by way of description.

That he was only an amateur sportsman, his style of dress plainly proclaimed. More plainly did it bespeak the soldier. A forage cap, that had evidently seen service, half shadowed a face, whose deep sun-tan told of that service being done in a tropic clime; while the tint, still fresh and warm, was evidence of recent return. A plain frock coat, of civilian cut, close buttoned; a pair of dark-blue pantaloons, with well-made boots below them, completed his semi-military costume. Added: that these garments were fitted upon a figure calculated to display them to the utmost advantage.

The face was in keeping with the figure. Not oval, but of that round shape, ten times more indicative of daring, as of determination. Handsome too, surmounted as it was, by a profusion of dark hair, and adorned by a well-defined mustache. These advantages had the young man in question, who despite the appearance of much travel, and some military service, was still under thirty.

Slowly sauntering onward, his boots scrunching among the pebbles, he heard but the sound of his own footsteps.

It was only on stopping, to await the passage of a gull, and while calculating the carry of his gun, that other sounds arrested his attention.

These were so sweet, that the gull was at once forgotten. It flew past without his attempting to pull trigger—although so close to the muzzle of his gun he might have "murdered" it!

"Nymphs! Naiads! Mermaids! Which of the three? Proserpine upon a rock superintending their aquatic sports! Ye gods and goddesses! what an attractive tableau!"

These words escaped him, as he stood crouching behind a point of rock that abutted far out from the line of the cliff. Beyond it was the cove in which the young ladies were bathing—the negroes keeping but careless watch as she sat upon one of the ledges.

"Chaste Dian!" exclaimed the sportsman, "pardon me for this intrusion. Quite inadvertent, I assure you. I must track back," he continued, "to save myself from being transformed into a stag. Provoking too! I wanted to go that way to explore a cave I've heard spoken of. I came out with this intention. How awkward to be thus interrupted!"

There was something like a lie outlined upon his features as he muttered the last reflection. In his actions too—for he still loitered behind the rock—still kept looking over it.

Plunging in pellucid water not waist deep—their lower extremities only concealed by the saturated skirts that clung like cerements around them—their feet showing clear as coral—the two young creatures continued to disport themselves. Only Joseph himself could have retreated from the sight!

And then their long hair in full dishevelment—of two colors, black and gold—sprinkled by the pearly spray, as the girls, with tiny rose-tipped fingers, dashed the water in each other's faces—all the time making the rocks ring with the music of their merry voices—ah! from such a picture who could comfortably withdraw his eyes?

It cost the sportsman an effort; of which he was capable—only by thinking of his sister!

And thinking of her, he loitered no longer, but drew back behind the rock.

"Duced awkward!" he again muttered to himself, perhaps this time with more sincerity. "I wished particularly to go that way. The cave cannot be much farther on, and now to trudge all the way back! I must either do that, or wait till they've got through their game of aquatics."

For a moment he stood reflecting. It was a considerable distance to the place where he had descended the cliff. Moreover, the track was toilsome, as he had proved by experience.

He decided to stay where he was, till the "coast should be clear."

He sat down upon a stone, took out a cigar, and commenced smoking.

He was scarce twenty paces from the pool in which the pretty dears were enjoying themselves. He could hear the splashing of their palms, like young cygnets beating the water with their wings. He could hear them exchange speeches, mingled with peals of clear-ringing laughter. There could be no harm in listening to these sounds, since the cough of the sea hindered him from making out what was said. Only now and then did he distinguish an interjection, proclaiming the delight in which the two Naiads were indulging, or one, the sharper voice of the negroes, to warn them against straying too far out, as the tide had commenced rising.

From these signs he knew he had not been observed, while standing exposed by the projection of rock.

A full half hour elapsed, and still continued the plunging and the peals of laughter.

"Very mermaids they must be—to stay so long in the water! Surely they've had enough of it!"

As shown by this reflection, the sportsman was becoming impatient.

Shortly after, the splashing ceased, and along with it the laughter. He could still hear the voices of the two girls engaged in conversation—at intervals intermingled with that of the negroes.

"They are out now, and dressing," he joyfully conjectured. "I wonder how long they'll be about that. Not another hour, I hope."

He took out a fresh cigar. It was his third.

"By the time I've finished this," reflected he, "they'll be gone. At all events they ought to be dressed; and, without rudeness, I may take the liberty of slipping past them."

He lit the cigar, smoked, and listened.

The conversation was now carried on in an uninterrupted strain, but in quieter tones, and no longer interposed with laughter.

The cigar became shortened to a stump, and still those silvery voices were heard mingling with the hoarse symphony of the sea—the latter, each moment growing louder as the tide continued to rise. A fresh breeze had sprung up, which, brought shoreward by the tidal billow, increased the noise; until the voices of the girls appeared like some distant metallic murmur, and the listener at length doubted whether he heard them or not.

"Their time's up," he said, springing to his feet, and flinging away the stump of the cigar. "They've had enough to make their toilet twice over at all events. I can give no more grace; so here goes to continue my exploration!"

He turned toward the projection of the cliff. A single step forward, and he came to a stand—his countenance suddenly becoming clouded with an unpleasant expression! The tide had stolen up to the rocks, and the point of the promontory was now full three feet under water; while the swelling waves, at intervals, surged still higher!

There was neither beach below, nor ledge above; no way but by taking to the water.

The explorer saw that it would be impossible to proceed in the direction intended, without wading up to his waist. The object he had in view was not worth such a saturation; and with an exclamation of disappointment—chagrin, too, for the lost time—he turned upon his heel, and commenced retracing his steps along the base of the bluffs.

He no longer went strolling or sauntering. An apprehension had arisen in his mind that stimulated him to the quickest pace in his power. What if his retreat should be cut off, by the same obstacle that had interrupted his advance?

The thought was sufficiently alarming; and hastily scrambling over the ledges, and skimming across the stretches of quicksand—now transformed into pools—he only breathed freely when once more in the gorge by which he had descended.

CHAPTER III.—THE TWO POETASTERS.

THE sportsman was under a mistake about the girls being gone. They were still within the cove; only no longer conversing.

Their dialogue had ended along with their dressing; and they had betaken themselves to two separate occupations—both of which called for silence. Miss Girdwood had commenced reading a book, that appeared to be a volume of poems; while her cousin, who had come provided with drawing materials, was making a sketch of the grotto that had served them for a robing-room.

On their emerging from the water, Keziah had plunged into the same pool—now disturbed by the incoming tide, and deep enough to conceal her dusky charms from the eyes of any one straying along the cliff.

After spluttering about for a matter of ten minutes, the negroes returned to the shore; once more drew the gingham gown over her head; squeezed the salt spray out of her kinky curls; readjusted the bandanna; and, giving way to the languor produced by the saline immersion, lay down upon the dry shingle—almost instantly falling asleep.

In this way had the trio become disposed, as the explorer, after discovering the obstruction to his progress, turned back along the strand—their silence leading him to believe they had taken departure.

For some time this silence continued, Cornelia taking great pains with her drawing. It was a scene well worthy of her pencil, and with the three figures introduced, just as they were, could not fail to make an interesting picture. She intended it as the record of a rare and somewhat original scene: for although young ladies occasionally took a sly dip in such solitary places, it required a certain degree of daring.

Seated upon a stone, as far out as the tide would allow her, she sketched her cousin, leaning studiously against the cliff, and the sable-skinned maid-servant, with turbaned head, lying stretched along the shingle. The scarped precipice, with the grotto underneath; the dark rocks here overhanging, there seamed by a gorge that sloped steeply upward—the sides of the latter trellised with convolvuli, and clumps of fantastic shrubbery—all these were to appear in the picture. She was making fair progress when interrupted by an exclamation from her cousin.

The latter had been for some time turning over the leaves of her book with a rapidity that denoted either impatience or dire disappointment in its contents.

At intervals she would stop, read a few lines, and then sweep onward—as if in search of something better.

This exercise ended, at length, by her dashing the volume down upon the shingle, and exclaiming:

"Stuff!"

"Who?"

"Tennyson."

"Surely you're jesting? The divine Tennyson—the poet of the age!"

"Poet of the age! There's no such person!"

"What! not Longfellow?"

"Another of the same. The American edition, diluted, if such a thing were possible. Poets indeed! A pair of squeaking penny whistles! Rhymesters of quaint conceits—spinners of small sentiments in long hexameters—not soul enough in all the scribbles of both to stir up the millionth part of an emotion!"

"You are severe, cousin. How do you account for their world-wide popularity? Is that not a proof of their being poets?"

"Was it a proof in the case of Southey? Poor conceited Southey, who believed himself superior to Byron! And the world shared his belief—at least one-half of it, while he lived! In these days such a dabbler in verse would scarce obtain the privilege of print."

"But Longfellow and Tennyson have obtained it?"

"True; and, along with, as you say, a world-wide reputation. All that is easily explained."

"How?"

"By the accident of their coming after Byron—immediately after him."

"I don't comprehend you, cousin."

"Nothing can be clearer. Byron made the world drunk with a divine intoxication. His superb verse was to the soul what wine is to the body; producing a grand and glorious thrill—a very carousal of intellectual enjoyment. Like all such excesses, it was followed by that nervous debility that requires a blue pill and black draught. It called for its absinthe and camomile bitters; and these have been supplied by Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate to the Queen of England, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, pet of the sentimental and spectacled young ladies of Boston. It was a poetic tempest to be followed by a prosaic calm; that has now lasted over forty years unbroken, save by the piping of this pair of poetasters!"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers!" repeated Cornelia, with a good-natured laugh.

"Yes!" cried Julia, rather irritated by her cousin's indifference. "By just such a paltry play upon words, by the imagination of small sentimentalities, and sickly conceits, plucked out of barren brains, and then machined into set stanzas, have these same poetasters obtained the world-wide reputation you speak of. Out upon such pretenders! And this is how I would serve them."

She raised her little foot, and, with a spiteful stamp, brought her heel down upon poor Tennyson, sinking him deep into the spongy sand!

"Oh, Julia, you've spoiled the book!"

"There's nothing in it to spoil. Waste print and paper. There's more poetry in one of those pretty seaweeds that lie neglected on the sand—far more than in a myriad of such worthless volumes. Let it lie!"

The last words were addressed to Keziah, who, startled from her slumber, had stooped to pick up the trampled volume.

"Let it lie, till the waves sweep over it and bear it into oblivion; as the waves of Time will wash out the memory of its author. Oh, for one true—one real poet!"

At this moment Cornelia started to her feet; not from any feeling said by her cousin, but simply because the waves of the Atlantic were already stealing around her skirts. As she stood erect the water was dripping from them.

The sketcher regretted this interruption of her task; the picture was but half completed; and it would spoil it to change the point of view.

"No matter," she muttered, closing her sketch-book, "we can come again to-morrow. You will, won't you, Julia, to oblige me?"

"And myself, miss. It's the very thing, this little plunge sans japon. I haven't enjoyed anything like it since landing on the island of—of—Aquidone. That, I believe is the ancient appellation. Come, then, let us be off! To-day, for a novelty, I shall dine with something resembling an appetite."

Keziah, having wrung out the bathing-dresses, and tied them in a bundle, the three prepared to depart.

Tennyson still lay crushed upon the sand; and his spiteful critic would not allow him to be taken up!

They started to return to the hotel—intending to go up the cliff by the same ravine through which they had come down. They knew of no other way. On reaching the jutting rock, that formed the flanking of the cove, all three were brought suddenly to a stand.

There was no path by which they could proceed; they had staid too long in the cave, and the tide had cut off their retreat.

The water was only a few feet in depth; and, had it been still, they might have waded it. But the flow was coming in with a surge strong enough to sweep them off their feet.

They saw this, but without feeling anything like fear. They regarded it only as an unpleasant interruption.

"We must go in the opposite direction," said Julia, turning back into the cove, and leading the way around it.

But here again was their path obstructed, just as on the opposite side.

The same depth of water, the same danger to be dreaded from the lashing of the surge!

As they stood regarding it, it appeared to grow deeper and more dangerous!

Back to the place just left.

There, too, had the depth been increasing. The tide seemed to have risen more than a foot, since they left it. It was but the breeze still freshening over the sea.

To have waded around either point seemed no

longer possible; and none of the three could swim!

The cousins uttered a simultaneous cry. It was the first open acknowledgment of a fear both secretly felt.

The cry was echoed by their dark-skinned attendant, far more frightened than they.

Back again to the other side—once more back and forward—and their panic was complete.

They were no longer in doubt about their situation. On both sides the path was obstructed. Clearly was their retreat cut off!

Up the precipice went their eyes, to see whether it could be climbed. It needed but a glance to tell them "No!" There was the gorge running up the cliff; but it looked as if only a cat could have scaled it!

They turned from it in despair.

There was but one hope remaining. The tide might not mount above their heads; and might they not stay where they were till it ebbed again?

With quick glances they interrogated the waves, the grotto, the rocks overhead. Unaccustomed to the sea, they knew but little of its ways. They knew that the waves rose and fell; but how far? They could see nothing to tell them; nothing to confirm their fears, or assure them of their safety!

This suspense was even worse to endure than the certainty of danger.

Oppressed by it, the two girls clasped each other by the hand, raising their united voices in a cry for deliverance:

"Help! Help!"

CHAPTER IV.—"HELP! HELP!"

THEIR cry of distress ascended to the summit of the cliff.

It was heard; and by one who had lately listened to the same voices, speaking in tones of the sweetest contentment.

It was he who carried the gun.

After scrambling up the gorge, he had faced northward in the direction of Easton's Beach; for the reason only, that this was his nearest way to the hotel.

He was reflecting upon the incident that had caused him such a toilsome detour; though his thoughts were dwelling less upon this, than upon the face of one of the two naiads seen playing in the pool.

It was the one of darker complexion.

Her figure, too, was recalled. In that transitory glance he had perceived above the water-line, and continued in the translucency beneath, an outline not easily forgotten. He so well remembered it, as almost to repent the spasms of delicacy that had caused him to retreat behind the rock.

This repentance had something to do with the direction he was now taking.

He had hopes of encountering the bathers as they came up to the summit of the cliff.

Much time, however, had passed. He could see that the beach was deserted—the few dark forms appearing upon it being evidently those solitary creatures of bachelor kind, who become Neptune's guests only at the second table.

Of course the two mermaids having exchanged their loose aquatic costume for the more constrained dress of the street, had long since gone home to the hotel. This was his conjecture.

A cry came to contradict it; close followed by another, and another!

He ran out to the edge of the cliff and looked downward. He could remember nothing of the landmarks. The tide, now well in, had changed the look of everything below. The ledges were covered—their position only to be told by the surf breaking over them.

Once more came up the cry!

Dropping on his knees, he crept closer and closer to the escarped edge—out to its very brink. Still nothing to be seen below! Neither woman nor human being. Not a spot on which one might find footing. No beach above water—no shoal, rock, or ledge, projecting from the precipice—no standing-place of any kind. Only the dark angry waves, roaring like enraged lions, and embracing the abutment as though they would drag it back with them into the abyss of the ocean!

Amidst the crashing and seething, once more ascended the cry! Again, and again, 'till it became a continuous chant!

He could not mistake its meaning. The bathers were still below. Beyond doubt they were in danger.

How could he assist them?

He started to his feet. He looked all round—along the cliff-path, and across the fields stretching back from the shore.

No house was near—no chance of obtaining a rope.

He turned toward Easton's Beach. There might be a boat there. But could it be brought in time?

It was doubtful. The cries continuing, told him that the peril was imminent. Those imperilled might be already struggling with the tide!

At this moment he remembered a sloping gorge. It could not be far off. It was the same by which the young ladies had gone down. He was a strong swimmer, and knew it. By swimming round into the cove, he might be able to effect their rescue.

Giving a shout, to assure them that their situation was known, he started at full speed along the crest of the cliff.

On reaching the ravine, he flung himself into it; and soon reached the sea level below.

Without pausing, he turned along the shore, rushing over sand and shingle, over sharp ledges, and making his way among boulders slippery with seaweed.

He reached the abutment that flanked one side of the cove, from which he could now again hear the cries of distress, mingled with the hoarse shrieking of the sea.

To wade round the point was plainly impossible. The water was neck-deep, seething and swelling.

(Continued on page 362.)



THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, ON TUESDAY NIGHT, JAN. 28TH.

THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

On the 28th of January the City of Chicago was visited by one of the most destructive conflagrations that ever occurred in our Western States. The origin of the fire is not definitely known, but it is supposed to have broken out in the book-binding of J. C. Griggs & Co.'s establishment in the vicinity of the heater. This firm occupied the west end of Burch's Block, and as a strong westerly wind was blowing at the time, the entire block was enveloped in flames in a very short time. This collection of buildings was the loftiest

and most elegant structures in the city, being celebrated as one of the first iron-front edifices erected in the West. In a short time, the large marble building on Wabash avenue, occupied by J. V. Farwell & Co., was in flames, and the buildings on the opposite side of Lake street also caught. The firemen then left Burch's Block to its fate, and turned their whole attention toward saving the burning buildings on Lake street and Wabash avenue.

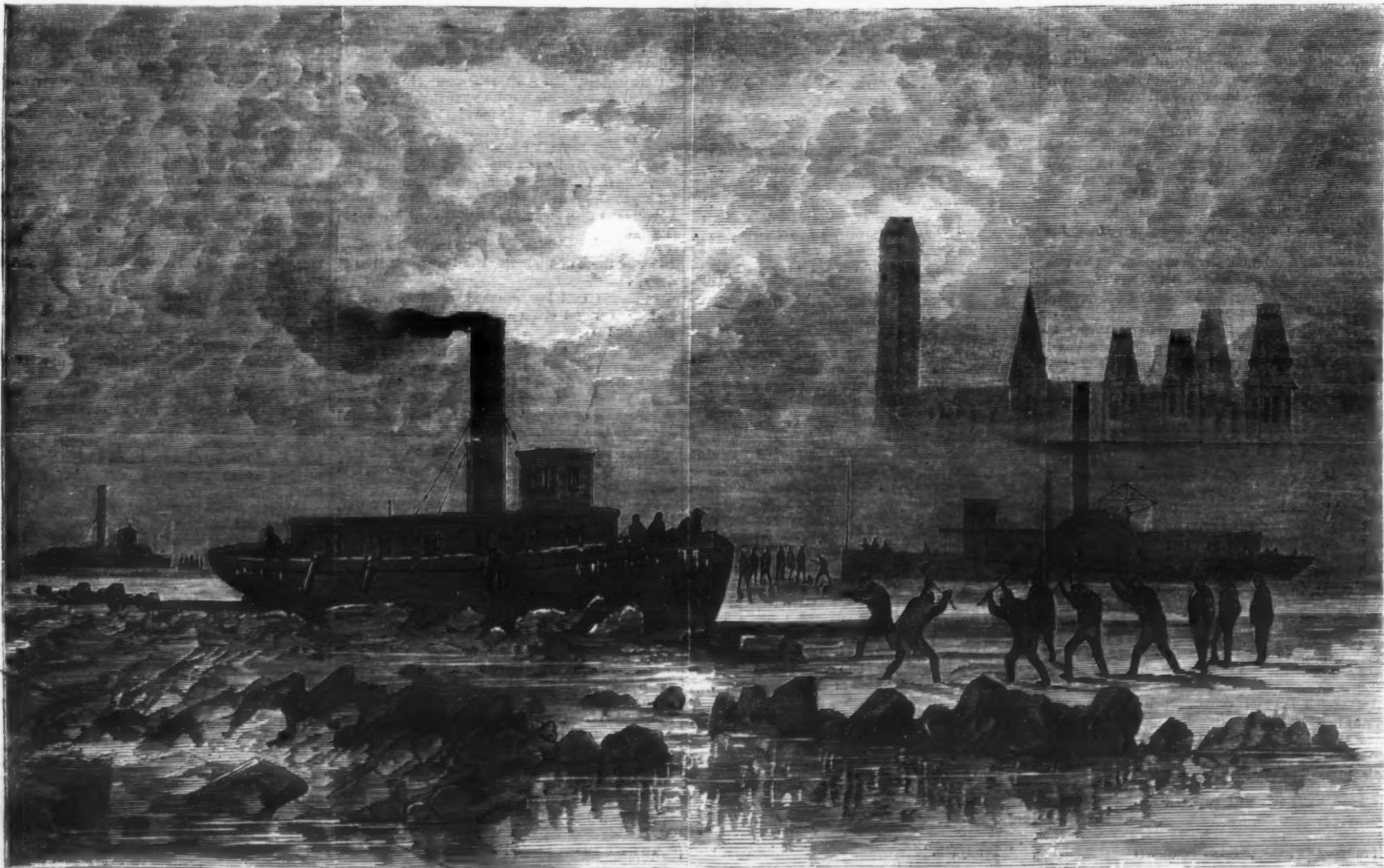
While the attention of the firemen and the many spectators who thronged the streets were directed to this point, another alarm of fire was raised, and it was discovered that the marble block reaching from Wabash

avenue to Michigan avenue was in flames. This fire was first seen issuing from Carson Pirie & Co.'s store, which is situated several hundred feet from the corner of Wabash avenue, and on the opposite side of Lake street from Burch's Block.

Adjoining this latter warehouse was the largest drug store in the city, and filled with a heavy stock of drugs and inflammable materials. These, offering fuel to the devouring flames, created such a heat that three of the steamers were obliged to leave their hydrants and seek new stands. In addition to this, the water unaccountably failed in some quarters and froze in others, so that for half an hour the firemen could do nothing, but

stood idly by watching, while the finest building in the city was laid waste.

The fire continued to rage with unabated fury until the flames sprang on their way to the Adams House and the Illinois Central Depot. The supply of water being renewed, the firemen devoted their whole attention to staying the flames at this point, knowing that, should they cross Michigan avenue, the Adams House, the depot, and the Illinois Central Elevator, could never be saved. By the falling of a blackened wall separating the Adams House from the flames, the fire was virtually checked, and the handsome hotel saved. The total loss on the buildings and merchandise destroyed will not fall short of \$3,000,000, upon which there was quite a heavy insurance.



CUTTING A PASSAGE FOR STEAMERS THROUGH THE ICE FROM HARTUM TO THE EAST RIVER, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 359.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT ON THE PENNSYLVANIA ROAD, NEAR MILL CREEK, PA.—THE BODY OF MRS. DUGGAN TAKEN FROM THE FLAMES.—SEE PAGE 363.



THE CHILD WIFE.

(Continued from page 359.)

Kicking off his boots, and throwing his gun, cap, and coat upon a ledge, he plunged in; and commenced a struggle with the billows.

It cost him one—his life nearly. Twice was his body borne against the rock with fearful violence—each time receiving injury in the shock.

He succeeded in rounding the point and reaching the cove beyond, where the swell broke more smoothly upon a sloping bed.

He now swam with ease; and soon stood in the presence of the bathers, who, at sight of him, had ceased their cries, believing their danger at an end.

All were within the grotto, to which they had retreated, as offering the highest ground. For all this, they were up to the ankles in water!

At his approach they rushed out, wading knee-deep to meet him.

"Oh, sir!" cried the eldest of the young ladies, "you see how we are situated: can you assist us?"

The swimmer had risen erect. He looked right and left, before making rejoinder.

"Can you swim?" he asked.

"Not one of us."

"It is bad," he muttered to himself. "Either way, it is doubtful whether I could carry them through it. It's been as much as I could do for myself. We'd be almost certain of being crushed. What, in heaven's name, can be done for them?"

They were thoughts rather than words, and the girls could not know them. But they saw the stranger's brow clouded with apprehension; and with eyes straining into his, they stood trembling.

He turned suddenly, and glanced up the cliff. He remembered the seam he had observed from above. He could now survey it from base to summit.

A gleam of hope flashed over his face. It could be scaled!

"Surely you can climb up there?" he asked, encouragingly.

"No, no! I'm sure we could never go up that way! I could not."

"Nor I."

"You might sustain yourselves by taking hold of the bushes? It is not so difficult as it appears. Those tufts of grass would help you; and there are points where you might place your feet. I could climb it easily myself; but, unfortunately, it would be impossible for me to assist you. There is not room for two to go up together."

"I am sure I should fall, before I was half-way to the top!"

This was said by Cornelia. Julia signified the same. The negress had no voice. With lips ashy pale, she seemed too much terrified to speak.

"Then there is no alternative but to try swimming," said the stranger, once more facing seaward, and again scrutinizing the surf. "No!" he added, apparently recoiling from the design, "by swimming I might save myself, though it is no longer certain. The swell has increased since I came in here. There's been wind on the sea outside. I'm a fair swimmer; but to take one of you with me is, I fear, beyond my strength."

"But, sir!" appealed she of the dark eyes, "is it certain we could not stay here till the tide falls again?"

"Impossible! Look there!" answered he, pointing to the cliff.

There could be no mistaking what he meant. That line trending horizontally along the façade of the precipice, here and there ragged with seawrack, was the high water-mark of the tide. It was far over-head!

The girls uttered a simultaneous scream as they stood regarding it. It was, in truth, the first time they had felt a full sense of their danger. Hitherto they had been sustained by a hope, that the tide would not mount so high as to submerge them. But there was the tell-tale track, beyond reach even of their hands!

"Courage!" cried the stranger, his voice all at once assuming a cheerful tone, as if some bright thought had occurred to him. "You have shawls, both of you. Let me have them?"

Without questioning his purpose, both raised the cashmere from their shoulders, and held them out to him.

"A plan has occurred to me," said he, taking out his knife, and cutting the costly fabric into strips. "I did not think of it before. By the help of these I may get you up the cliff."

The shawls were soon separated into several bands. These he knotted together so as to form a long narrow festoonery.

With eager hands the young ladies assisted him in the operation.

"Now!" he said, as soon as the junction was completed; "by this I can draw you up, one by one. Who first?"

"Go, cousin!" said she of the dark eyes; "you are lightest. It will be easier for him in the trial."

As there was no time for either ceremony or dispute, Cornelia accepted the suggestion. The stranger could have no choice.

The shawl-ropes were carefully adjusted around her waist, then with equal care fastened to his. Thus linked, they commenced climbing the cliff.

Though difficult for both, the scaling proved successful; and the young girl stood unharmed upon the summit.

She made no demonstration of joy. Her cousin was still below—still in danger!

Once again down the gorge by which he had before descended. Once more around the rock, battling with the breakers—and again safe in the shelter of the cove.

The shawl-ropes hung down from above had been caught by those below; and was for the second time put into requisition.

In like manner was Julia rescued from the danger of drowning!

But the efforts of the rescuer did not end here.

His was a gallantry that had nought to do with the color of the skin.

For the third time his life was imperiled, and the negress stood safe upon the summit of the cliff—to unite with the young ladies in the expression of their gratitude.

"We can never sufficiently thank you," said she of the bistre-colored eyes.

"Oh, never!" exclaimed her companion with the irides of azure.

"Another favor, sir," said the first speaker. "It seems quite a shame to ask it. But we shall be so laughed at, if this becomes known. Would it be too much to request, that nothing be said of our very unpleasant adventure?"

"There shall be nothing said by me," responded the rescuer. "Of that, ladies, you may rest assured."

"Thanks!—a thousand thanks! Indeed, we are greatly indebted to you. Good-day, sir!"

With a bow, dark eyes turned away from the cliff along the path leading to the Ocean House. A somewhat deeper sentiment was observed in the orbs of blue; though their owner took leave without giving it expression.

The confusion arising from their late alarm might perhaps plead their excuse.

None was needed by the negress.

"God bless you, brave massa! God bless you!" were her parting words—the only ones that appeared to be spoken in true gratitude.

CHAPTER V.—THE SOOTED RETRIEVER.

FILLED with astonishment, and not without a slight feeling of chagrin, the sportsman stood looking after the trio he had delivered from almost certain death.

"A thousand thanks! Indeed we are greatly indebted to you!"

He repeated these words, imitating the tone in which they had been spoken.

"By-my-faith!" he continued, with an emphasis on each word, "if that isn't a little of the coolest! What the dickens, have I been doing for these dames? In the country of my christening, I'd have had as much for helping them over a stile, or picking up a dropped glove. 'Good-day, sir!' Name neither asked, nor given! Not a hint about 'calling again!'"

"Well, I suppose, I shall have another opportunity of seeing them. They are going straight toward the Ocean House. No doubt a brace of birds from that extensive aviary? Birds of paradise, too—judging by their fine feathers! Ah! the dark one. Step like a race-horse—eye like a she-eagle!"

"Strange how the heart declares its preference! Strange I should think most of her who appears least grateful! Nay, she spoke almost superciliously. I wonder if likes were ever mutual!"

"I could love that girl—I'm sure of it. Would it be a true, honest passion? Not so sure of that. She's not exactly the kind I'd like to call wife. I feel convinced she'd aspire to wear the—"

"Talking of inexpressibles makes me think of my coat, hat, and boots. Suppose, now, the tide has swept them off? What a figure I'd cut sneaking back to the hotel in my shirt-sleeves! Hatless and shoeless to boot! It's just possible such exposure is in store for me. My God!"

The exclamation was uttered with an accent quite different from the speeches that preceded it. These had been muttered jocosely, with a smile upon his lips. Along with the "My God!" came a cloud, covering his whole countenance.

The change was explained by what quickly came after.

"My pocket-book! A thousand dollars in it! All the money I have in the world! If that's lost I'll out a still sorer figure at the hotel. A long bill owing! My papers, too! Some of them of great importance to me—deeds and documents! God help me, if they're gone!"

Once more along the cliff; once more descending the slope, with as much haste as if still another damsel with "she-eagle" eyes was screaming for help below!

He had reached the sea-level, and was turning along the strand, when he saw a dark object upon the water—about a cable's length out from the shore. It was a small row-boat, with two men in it.

It was headed toward Easton Beach; but the rowers had stopped pulling, and were sitting with oars unshipped. They were nearly opposite the cove out of which he had so lately climbed.

"What a pity!" was his reflection. "Had these fellows shown themselves but twenty minutes sooner, they'd have saved me a set of sore bones, and the young ladies a couple of shawls that must have cost them a good round price—no doubt five hundred dollars a-piece! The boat must have been coming up shore all the time. How stupid of me, not to have seen it!"

"What are they stopped for now? Ah! my coat and cap! They see them, and so do I. Thank heaven, my pocket-book and papers are safe!"

He was hastening on to make them still more secure, for the tide was close threatening his scattered garments—when all at once a dark monster-like form was seen approaching from the sea, surging toward the same point. As it got into shallow water, its body rose above the surface, discovering a huge Newfoundland dog!

The animal had evidently come from the boat—had been sent from it. But for what purpose did not strike the sportsman till he saw the shaggy creature spring upward to the ledge, seize hold of his coat in its teeth, and then turning with it plunge back into the water!

A Broadway frock of best broadcloth; a thousand dollars in the pockets; papers worth ten times the amount!

"Heigh! heigh!" cried the owner, rushing on toward the spot where the rape was being committed, "down with it, you brute! down with it! drop it!"

"Fetch it!" came a voice from the boat; "come on, good Bruno! Fetch it!"

The words were followed by a peal of laughter that rang scornfully along the cliffs. The voices of both the boatmen took part in it.

Blacker than the rocks behind him became the face of the sportsman, who had paused in silent surprise.

Up to that moment he had supposed that the two men had not seen him, and that the dog had been sent to pick up what might appear "unclaimed property." But the command given to the animal, with the scornful laugh, at once cured him of his delusion; and he turned toward them with a scowl that might have terrified bolder spirits than theirs.

It did not check his rising wrath, to perceive that they were a brace of young "bloods" out on a pleasuring excursion. Perhaps all the more did he feel sensible of the insult.

He who had wandered far and wide; who had tracked Comanches on the war-path; had struck his sword against a *cheveaux-de-frise* of Mexican bayonets, to be mocked after such fantastic fashion, and by such fellows!

"Command the dog back!" he shouted, in a voice that made the rocks re-echo. "Back with him; or, by heaven, you shall both rue it!"

"Come on, Bruno!" cried they, reckless, now they had committed themselves. "Good dog! Fetch it! fetch it!"

He in the shirt-sleeves stood for a moment irresolute, because feeling himself helpless. The animal had got out of his reach. It would be impossible to overtake it. Equally so to swim out to the boat, and wreak his wrath upon the rowers, whose speech continued to torture him.

Though seeming to him an age, his inaction was scarce of a second's continuance. On looking around to see what might be done, his eye rested upon the gun, still laying upon the ledge where he had left it.

With an exulting shout he sprang toward the piece, and again held it in his grasp.

It was loaded with large shot; for he had been sporting for water-fowl.

He did not wait to give warning. The scurvy behavior of the fellows had released him from all ceremony; and, hastily raising the piece, sent a shower of shot around the shoulders of the Newfoundland.

The dog dropped the coat, gave out a hideous growling, and swam, crippled-like, toward the boat.

Laughter no longer rang along the cliffs. It had ceased at sight of the gun.

"It's a double one," said he who grasped it, speaking loud enough for them to hear him. "If you'll bring your boat a little nearer, I may treat you to the second barrel!"

The bloods thought better than to accept the invitation. Their joke had come to a disagreeable termination; and with rueful faces they pulled poor Bruno aboard, and continued the row so regretfully interrupted.

Fortunately for the sportsman, the tide was still "running," so that his coat came ashore—dollars and documents along with it.

He spent some time in wringing out his saturated habiliments, and making himself presentable for the hotel. By good luck, there were no streets to pass through—the Ocean House being at this time separated only by farm fields from the rocky shore that had been the scene of his achievements.

"Adventures enough for one day!" he muttered to himself, as he approached the grand *caravan-sarai* swarming with its happy hundreds.

He did not know that still another was in store for him. As he stepped into the long piazza, two gentlemen were seen entering at the opposite end. They were followed by a large dog, that sadly needed helping over a stile.

The recognition was mutual; though only acknowledged by a reciprocal frown, so dark as not to be dispelled by the cheerful gong at that moment sounding the summons to dinner!

"My Murderer's Name Is—"

OR, THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

STEPHANIE LANGLADE, better known as Setting-Sun, had red hair, and all the beauties and defects of this type of blondes. She was tall and admirably proportioned. Her bust was magnificently developed, and her waist was small. Her hands and feet were large, but perfectly modeled. Hers was a strange physiognomy; it was at once tender and yet cold; passionate but cruel. Her lips were thin and pale, and covered small, sharp, white teeth. Her chin was heavy and material; her nose, slightly *retroussé* had wide, ever, quivering nostrils. Her eyes seemed green, blue, gray, or yellow, according to the time of the day or degree of light to which they were exposed, and they were surmounted by heavy, well-marked brows. Her hair, thick and fine, fell in waves to her knees, and had all the tints of the western sky after sunset on a warm autumn day, and won for her the cognomen of Setting-Sun.

There is little to be said in favor of her antecedents. She had met Langlade and admired him greatly, and used many arts to win his affection, to find out how the colossus would talk love, and to see whether he could ever be rendered tender and devoted; and doubtless her curiosity once satisfied on this point, her interest in him would have ceased; but the giant was seriously and earnestly in love—he adored the woman and forced her to become his wife.

His character had not been irreproachable up to this time, but after the marriage he resorted to every means to gratify the luxurious tastes of the wife over whom he lovingly tyrannized. He beat her almost daily, and yet indulged her every

caprice. One night, after having grossly ill-used her, he attempted to break into a jeweler's shop, to obtain some ornaments which she had fancied, but was caught in the act, tried, and sent to the galleys at Toulon.

Hardly had Setting-Sun begun to breathe freely, when her tyrant, from whom she had fancied herself free, for a time at least, broke in upon her and dispelled her ideas of independence. Unable to live separated from his wife, he had succeeded in bursting his fetters.

Setting-Sun now had no liberty whatever. Langlade was obliged to conceal himself from the authorities, and never left the house a moment; while, jealous to excess, he would not permit her to go out unattended by himself. For six months he was the happiest of men, and she, the most wretched of women. One day she insisted upon new furniture, so he made his observations at night, and fixed upon a residence which contained objects to suit her fancy. It was a country-house, just out of Paris, and from this mansion the generous fellow secured the articles coveted by his wife. Unfortunately, however, not only the theft, but the thief, was discovered, and Langlade was arrested as a thief and a robber, and Stephanie as a receiver of stolen goods.

If the judges had but condemned them for the same crime, and confined them in the same prison, Langlade would have been supremely happy and content! But he was sentenced to twenty years at the galleys at Brest, while Setting-Sun, as the receiver of the goods, was sent to Saint-Lazare for a year.

On the day that she left the prison, at the expiration of the sentence, she found a carriage awaiting her at the door of Saint-Lazare, on the box of which sat the faithful convict, who had escaped from Brest the previous week, in order to congratulate Stephanie on her exit from prison.

We know how he was arrested the third time, and how far Setting-Sun had contributed to that result.

All these details were unknown to the police, who naturally imagined that she had denounced him for fear of being again compromised in his misdeeds, and in order to secure the indulgence of the judges.

But Setting-Sun was not a woman easily intimidated. She denounced him that she might be rid of his presence, at least until his next escape, and she desired her own arrest, to avoid his suspicions and his fury.

CHAPTER VII.

At the moment when Vibert entered her cell Setting-Sun was crouched upon her straw bed, and was toying like a child with her unbound hair. A ray of sunlight had straggled through the grated window, and lighted up her luxuriant hair until it shone with dazzling brilliancy and lustre.

Any other man than Vibert would have been impressed with the picture, but he reserved his admiration for other subjects. He closed the door behind him, while Stephanie started at the intrusion and tossed back her hair.

"Well, my girl," said Vibert, adopting a paternal tone, "here you are locked up again."

"Yes, I like being locked up. Prison life is quite heavenly to me, while liberty means torture!" replied Setting-Sun.

"Then your domestic life is not not an enviable one, and it is not enough to be a colossus to render a woman happy!"

"You know him, then?" said the girl, in a tone of bitter hate.

"Not as well as you, fortunately for me," was the reply; "but I know him."

"How I hate, how I loathe him!" she cried. "The wretch! what suffering he has caused me! he has made me his slave, his very dog for five long years! In prison, I am free from his tyranny, and, oh so happy! But when I am with him I have no spirit, no courage. I tremble at the very sound of his voice. After having kicked and beaten me, he would beg my pardon, and I pretended to forgive, that I might be spared additional blows. He used to ask me if he was not handsome, and in fear and trembling I answered yes; and when he asked me if I loved him, I swore that he was adored, for I dared not contradict him; since in his anger he was capable of taking my life. Sir, I do not know you," she continued, "but I am aware that you must be an official, from the manner in which you entered my cell, and Langlade is consequently your enemy, so you will not betray me to him. Well, yesterday I committed an offense simply for the purpose of being arrested, and being delivered from his presence and sheltered from his pursuit. I replied to all the questions put to me about my husband with sincerity, and it was believed that I did so to win the favor of the police; but all I wanted was to escape from him!"

"Well," said Vibert, "you may reassure yourself; thanks to you, Langlade has been arrested."

"Is it, indeed, true?" she cried, joyfully; "I scarcely dared hope as much! Did he allow himself to be taken? Who could have ventured to arrest him?"

"I did."

She looked at Vibert, smiled disdainfully, and said:

"You? Impossible!"

"Why?" he asked, with a shade of annoyance; "because I am ten inches shorter than he? It is not always a question of strength; intelligence sometimes accomplishes more than brute force. However, you are too material to comprehend this."

"And you really did arrest him?" said she, and sprang up, and threw her arms around Vibert's neck.

The gentleman quietly disengaged himself from the embrace and said:

"Langlade is really arrested, he is in prison, and will soon be returned to the galleys; but as he has escaped twice, he will escape again, and your martyrdom will recommence."

Setting-Sun's face became clouded.

"You will never be easy in your mind until he is more surely disposed of than in the galleys—until he is executed."

She turned as white as snow, and murmured: "He cannot be condemned to death; he has committed no crime to warrant that punishment!"

"Are you quite sure of that?" said Vibert, catching her arm, and looking her full in the face.

Her marble pallor increased, and she trembled like an aspen.

"I will not speak. This time I will not betray him. I do not wish them to kill him," she murmured.

"It is surprising," observed Vibert, composedly, "how Langlade and yourself differ. You say, 'I wish him to be imprisoned, but not executed'; while he told me, not ten minutes ago, 'I do not wish her to be imprisoned, but I want her life! I will kill her myself!'"

"How could he do this? He is in prison."

"He is at this moment plotting your death."

"Why should he wish to kill me? What have I done?"

"Only caused him to be arrested."

"He does not know this?"

"Excuse me; I communicated the fact to him. It was the only means of quieting him."

"It is infamous!" she cried. "They promised that they would keep my secret when I betrayed him. I am lost! I am lost, if he escapes!"

"Let us prevent his doing so by having him put on trial for murder. The jury will not hesitate to send a man to the scaffold with his antecedents. Speak, then, as you value your own life."

"Certainly, I value my life; but how can I preserve it, when you tell me that, although arrested, he is still meditating my murder?"

"Listen to me," said Vibert. "Even after learning your treason, Langlade was still unwilling to allow himself to be arrested, and in order to decide him to submit, I promised him an interview with you this very morning."

"An interview with me!" she cried, in a voice of terror. "When he told you that he would murder me!" Then she reflected for a moment, and continued: "If I tell you all, will you prevent my meeting him?"

"I must keep my promise," said Vibert; "but I can modify it. Instead of Langlade's being conducted to your cell, as was at first intended, I can have him placed in the parlor of the Conciergerie. You will enter the room, he will say what he wishes to you, will have the satisfaction of heaping every insult upon you, but you will be separated by bars of iron from his touch."

"But," said Setting-Sun, who, when it became a question of her safety and her life, was cautious in the extreme, "suppose he should have a weapon about him?"

"There is no danger of that," was Vibert's rejoinder; "every one is searched before entering the Conciergerie. But for your benefit I will have him examined a second time. He is, however, already disarmed. Look at this!"

"His own pistol!" cried the girl. "Oh, I'm familiar enough with the weapon! How often has he threatened my life with it! Only last week he pretended that I was throwing tender glances behind the blinds at a neighbor, and came near blowing out my brains in consequence. While he slept, however, I drew the charge. Fire, and you will find that the pistol will not go off!"

Vibert made the experiment, with the result predicted.

"To think," he exclaimed, with a loud laugh, "that Langlade and myself have been threatening each other for an hour with this pistol, and in perfect good faith, too! So much for imagination! Now," said Vibert, "to business. It depends upon you whether you are saved or lost. According as you answer my inquiries, so will it rest with you whether you will receive Langlade in the parlor, behind the grating, or here, alone in your cell."

The girl shuddered at such a prospect, and murmured:

"Question, and I will answer you truly."

CHAPTER VIII.

And so Vibert, coming at once to the point, said:

"A young man was murdered this winter in the Rue de la Paix, near the Rue Neuve Saint-Augustin, where you then resided with your husband. What details can you give me touching this unpunished crime?"

"But," inquired Setting-Sun, "how does it happen that—"

"How does it happen that I come to you for information? I will tell you. Langlade, this morning, in a moment of intoxication and excitement, confessed to me his crime. This, however, is not enough. Justice requires details and proof, and these are what you must give. How long had you known the murdered man?"

"Only two days."

"Had you never seen him before?"

"Never."

"Where did you first meet him?"

"On the boulevards, near the Rue Vivienne, at about three o'clock."

"He probably was coming from the Exchange?"

"So I thought."

"Well, did he at once notice you?"

"Oh, no, it was I who remarked him. I thought him very handsome. I went out so rarely, and had so little to amuse me, that I really longed for some innocent flirtation. I resorted to several little bits of coquetry, turned back, looked into shop-windows, and finally found that I had arrested his attention, and that he was following me. I then left the boulevard, and turned down the Rue de Choiseul, and so on home. When I reached my door, he approached and paid me a compliment. I blushed, professed to be shocked, and asked him who he supposed me to be. 'A duenna, at least, madame, and some-

quently I am ambitious to know you,' he said, with a smile. After a little conversation I promised that he might visit me on the following day, at an hour when I expected to be alone. He came, and Langlade, whom I supposed to be engaged in the country, returned unexpectedly. You know the rest, since he has confessed."

"At what time did Langlade return to you?"

"It must have been about nine o'clock."

"On entering, when he said to you, 'I have killed your lover,' what was your reply?"

"Nothing. That night I barely escaped with my own life, he was in such a fearful rage."

"Doubtless, his hands were stained with blood?"

"No; and I am surprised that they were not so."

"Blood does not always immediately follow a wound," said Vibert, "and Langlade left his victim the moment that he had committed the crime. Have you not subsequently reproached him with the murder?"

"No; I never dared to mention it," replied Setting-Sun. "I always trembled before that man."

"And did he never speak of it?"

"Never!"

"Do you remember the precise date of the murder?"

"It was committed about the end of October or the beginning of November."

"I am asking you for the precise date."

"I cannot give it to you."

"This must have been an era in your life?"

"Certainly; but I never remember days and dates."

"Did you know this man's name?"

"I never thought of inquiring it."

"Did you not learn his baptismal name?"

"I think not; if I did so I have forgotten it," she replied.

"Describe the man as accurately as possible."

"He was of medium height, and dark complexioned, with slight mustachios."

She stopped, reflected for a moment, and then continued:

"That is all that I can recollect about him. I was three months ago, you remember."

"Do you think that he was married?" inquired the police-agent.

"He may have been. He seemed to desire to avoid observation when he visited me."

"How was he dressed?"

"Oh, just the same as everybody. I think he wore a dark coat."

"Did he withdraw any object from his pockets while at your house?"

"Yes; he took out his wallet, and wished me to accept some money to purchase a keepsake. But of course I refused to do so."

"What kind of wallet did he carry? Reflect well before you reply."

"It seems to me that it was not exactly a wallet, but rather a—"

"Pocketbook?" asked Vibert.

"Yes, a pocketbook, fastened with an elastic band."

"Do you remember its color?"

"Oh, yes; it was red."

"There is no longer any doubt," thought the police-agent. "The information is not complete, but it is very specific."

"Are you satisfied with what I have told you?"

"I have asked Setting-Sun, creeping up to Vibert."

"I?" he asked, sharply. "Not at all. I did not wish to believe that Langlade had committed this crime. But now that I know he has done so—Duty before all!" he added, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"And now," he said, "that I have no more questions to ask for the present, good-by; prepare yourself to receive Langlade."

"Swear to me that there shall be a grating between us."

"I promise," said Vibert, and the girl was again alone.

CHAPTER IX.

Two keepers of the Conciergerie conducted Langlade to the parlor. As had been agreed between himself and Vibert, his handcuffs had been removed. He was a model of quiet and submission; so much so that the younger keeper remarked:

"He has been traduced—he is a perfect lamb."

"We shall see; this may be but a reaction," replied the older man.

The keeper was right, and the reaction was about to begin.

"By what door will she enter?" suddenly inquired the convict, who was seated on a bench in a corner.

He was shown a door on the other side of the grating which divided the parlor. The felon threw up his head suddenly, he ground his teeth, and his nostrils dilated. He began to suspect that he had been deceived and imposed upon.

"If she enters the room on that side, how can she join me here?" he inquired in a voice of smothered passion.

"She will not join you here," said the keeper; "you can draw near to the bars and converse with her without being overheard."

"I have been deceived," roared the felon. "I was to have had her by my side. No bars were to have separated us. I would not have given myself up; I would have killed the wretch who arrested me, could I have foreseen this! I would have killed you all, you scum of the earth!"

Then advancing to the turnkey, who stood by, keys in hand, he cried:

"I wish to be near her, I wish her to be brought into this portion of the room!"

"My orders are positive; what you ask is an impossibility," said the keeper.

"An impossibility!" vociferated Langlade.

"Well, just consider that I have not given myself up. You have not arrested me; all your work is to be done over again!"

Saying which he wrenched from the wall a wooden bench, seized several chairs and a table,

threw them into a remote corner of the room, after breaking off a leg from the latter; then, sheltering himself behind this barricade, and brandishing the leg of the table like a club, he roared:

"Come on, now!"

The younger turnkey sprang out of the room to give the alarm, and the older one soon followed, just escaping a blow from the giant.

Meantime, the military guard, which is stationed in all (French) government prisons, were making their way to the parlor, prepared for a terrible and sanguinary encounter before the convict could be brought to surrender. In his strong grasp every weapon was death-dealing. He would undoubtedly throw himself upon the first soldier who entered the room, seize his musket, place himself behind his barricade, and sell his life as dearly as possible.

The soldiers were just on the point of entering the room, when Vibert appeared on the scene. When about to leave the Conciergerie he had heard an unusual noise, and inquired and learned its cause.

"I expected as much," he said; "and it is all my fault. Langlade has reason for complaint. I have not acted in strict good faith with him. Perhaps I may be able to repair the harm which I have done, and prevent the shedding of blood, even at the risk of my own life."

He joined the soldiers, and placing himself in front of the door, which they were about to open, said:

"Do not enter; I will attend to this matter; it will be time enough to call upon you when I fail."

The turnkey endeavored to remonstrate with Vibert, representing the mad fury of the convict, and assuring him that his life would pay the penalty of his temerity.

"Better risk my life than the lives of all those brave men."

Vibert opened the door and entered the parlor.

Langlade had heard the noise of voices and the tread of armed men, and expecting an attack, had sheltered himself behind his barricade. As soon as he saw Vibert, his anger became rage. With one bound he sprang upon the police-agent, caught him in his arms, and threw him upon the floor.

Vibert fell upon his knees; he rose, brushed the dust off his pantaloons, and, without awaiting a second attack, advanced, with folded arms, to meet the giant, exclaiming:

"You are a coward!"

"And you are a traitor!" rejoined the convict.

"You promised that I should see her."

"She is just outside that door, waiting until you become more composed before she enters."

"But I shall only see her behind that grating; this is not according to your promise."

"I never promised that she should be beside you, and you dare not affirm that I did so. I have religiously kept my word with you. You asked to be relieved of your handcuffs, and they have been taken off. I am the victim of my goodness to you. If you had not been allowed the use of your hands you could not have made this confusion, nor have treated me in such a cowardly manner."

"In such a cowardly manner?"

"Yes, cowardly! for I am a pigmy and you are a giant; I am weak, and you are strong; I entered here alone and unarmed, to prevent a bloody struggle, in which you must, in the end, have been worsted; and yet you rush upon me like a wild beast!"

"Will Setting-Sun be brought here?" inquired Langlade, who was gradually becoming more calm. Shall I see her, unobstructed by those bars?"

"No; you will see and speak to her through that grating. She fears you, and made the request that you should not be allowed access to her."

"I will promise not to kill her."

"You cannot answer for yourself. A word, a look, is enough to madden you, and then you maltreat even those who have not injured you."

"Forgive me!" said the convict, meekly.

"I may do so, but the chief of the Conciergerie will hardly pardon you for disturbing the peace here, nor for your acts of violence and your threats."

"What can he do to me?"

"He may refuse now to allow you to see Setting-Sun, even behind those bars," replied Vibert, with a view of frightening the felon and afterward appearing to make concessions to him.

This unexpected kind of punishment affected Langlade infinitely more than thoughts of manacles or dungeons.

"You see now," continued Vibert, "the fruits of your violent temper. It is through this that you have alienated the affections of Setting-Sun. She loved you once."

"Yes, she did love me. Do you think," said the convict, endeavoring to take Vibert's hand—"do you think that you could get me permission to see her if I promise to restore order to this room, apologize to the keepers, and be perfectly well-behaved and gentle in future?"

"I will see what can be done in your behalf, and I give you notice that in any case you will not be allowed to see her except separated by that grating."

"Be it so; I only want to see her. I have no desire to murder her now; my anger has passed away."

"Say, rather, that it has vented itself upon me! My legs are nearly broken."

"Can I bathe them for you?" asked the convict, tenderly.

"No, thanks. I have no time to waste in taking care of myself. Come, put this room in order, and remember your promises."

Vibert left the room, and the keepers were astonished to find him with unbroken bones.

"He is not yet now, and will, I think, continue so for the remainder of the day. I hope you will permit him to see his wife," added Vibert, ad-

dresssing the turnkey, "as if nothing had happened; this evening he will be removed to another prison, and you will have no further trouble with him."

A quarter of an hour afterward, Setting-Sun was brought into the parlor, and took the precaution to seat herself as far as possible from the grating which separated her from her husband.

Winter in New York—Cutting a Channel Through the Ice for the Passage of Boats on Harlem River, New York.

THE ice on Harlem River during the past week has been so thick and strong, that it has been necessary to hew a channel for the passage of boats. People who have occasion to cross, avail themselves of the frozen surface, and quite a thoroughfare has been effected by the crowds that pass from shore to shore. Our engraving illustrates the work of cutting the channel through the ice opposite Ward's Island. The steamers represented being the *Leader* and the *Police-boat Bellevue*.

Another Burning Car Accident—Disaster on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

WE have still another shocking railroad accident to record, and one by which one woman was killed and a large number of passengers severely injured. The catastrophe occurred three-quarters of a mile east of Mill Creek, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at about two o'clock on the morning of the 31st of January, and was caused by the fast train which left Pittsburgh the evening previous for Philadelphia being thrown from the track by a broken rail. Four of the rear cars were precipitated over an embankment, and shortly after a fire broke out from an overturned stove in one of the sleeping-cars, and before the flames could be extinguished they had communicated to three other cars, involving the four in total destruction. Mrs. Ann Duggan, of Pittsburgh, was killed and burned with the wreck; the other passengers sustained injuries from the burning timber and combustibles. The train was thirty minutes behind time, but running at moderate speed, the conductor having been instructed at the station which he had just passed not to attempt to make up time. Our engraving represents the removal of the charred and blackened remains of Mrs. Duggan from the burning wreck.

The Late William W. Ellsworth.

WE publish in this number the portrait of the late William W. Ellsworth, who died at his residence in Hartford, Connecticut, on the 15th of January last, in the 76th year of his age. Governor Ellsworth was the son of Oliver Ellsworth, one of the founders of our National Government and for a short period Chief Justice of the United States. At an early age William Ellsworth entered upon a preparatory course of instruction in Yale College, in which he distinguished himself for his unswerving integrity, close application to study and the great fervor with which he engaged in the debates of that classic institution. After completing his studies at this place, he commenced studying law in Hartford, where he was subsequently admitted to practice his profession. His political career was inaugurated by his being chosen a member of the National Congress, the duties of which position he discharged in a manner highly satisfactory to the party that had conferred upon him the honor, and a large circle of personal friends who were politically opposed to him. In 1838 he was elected by the old Whig party Governor of Connecticut, and was re-elected at four successive elections. At the expiration of his last term of office, he was raised to the bench of the Supreme Court, and continued to execute the duties appertaining thereto until his seventieth year, when he resigned the position and retired to private life. Governor Ellsworth was a man of rare legal acumen, and was gifted with clear, discriminating intellectual faculties. His private life was as consistent and above reproach as his public career was brilliant, and in his decease Connecticut lost one of her most exalted sons.

A Treaty Tooth from the Fiji Islands.

SEVERAL years ago three seamen deserted from a United States vessel, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of officers sent in pursuit, and secreted themselves on the Fiji Islands. Baffled in their attempts to capture the men, the officers made an appeal to the authorities for assistance in the search, but were rather unceremoniously repulsed. The demands were continued, and after considerable prevarication the King gave the consenting intelligence that the seamen had been captured by his people and put to death, and that their bodies had been eaten by his loyal subjects. At this sudden and horrible announcement the officers of the vessel made a formal demand for indemnity, which the authorities received as a matter of business, the King agreeing to pay to our government a stipulated amount of money. One installment of this sum was made and only one. After a silence of many years, the King gave orders for a new treaty to be made between the islands and the United States, as an evidence of his good faith in this peculiar transaction. A few days ago the treaty was received at the Department of State, the agent delivering it stating that he was instructed by the King of the Fiji Islands to say to the President that the treaty was one by which the King mortgaged his islands to the United States for the payment of the indemnity due to the United States, the same to continue for a period of three years. It was expected that the President, in return, would prevent the rival Fiji King from levying war against the legitimate sovereign during the continuance of the mortgage. Should the President accede to the treaty, he must manifest his pleasure by retaining the instrument; if he declined, by returning it to the King. The most curious feature of this singular treaty is the instrument itself, which is neither more nor less than an immense tooth of a whale, richly variegated in color, and ornamented at the ends by a cord of strongly-twisted grass, which serves as a handle. When delivered, the tooth was carefully enveloped in a piece of cloth, made from the bark of a tree.

"Is THAT a trophy of the Chimera?" said Mrs. Partington, pointing to a Russian helmet that a friend had brought from the Crimea.

"That, madam," said we, "is a trophy of the Crimea, that fearful battle-ground; and it seems to bear about it the color of strife in the perilous deadly breaches, and the crash of contending forces."

She looked at it attentively.

"Yes," responded she, "and not only the breaches, but the rest of the uniform besides."

It was evident that she had made a slight mistake.

Surviving Soldiers of the Revolution.

In January, 1864, there were living sixteen Revolutionary soldiers, of whom but twelve were pensioners. Four years have sadly thinned the ranks of this glorious band of patriots, and to-day but a quartette of the centennarians remain who played a part in the great struggle for liberty and independence. The last of the twelve pensioners was Samuel Downing, who died in February, 1867, aged 106. The days have decreased these soldiers in such a manner, as to remind one of the statement of King Lear's hundred knights. The edicts of each succeeding year, like those of General and Roman, have diminished this venerable band with the similar question, "What need we five and twenty?—ten—or five?" Among the phantoms of former days who still remain with us—sole survivors of the heroic men who so loved by force of arms our national independence—are John Gray, Daniel Frederick Bakeman (represented in our engraving), William Taylor, and Alexander Stewart, who, at the age of 111, is in possession of all his faculties. He served during the war with a Massachusetts regiment, and was also engaged in the second war with Great Britain. At the age of 80 he removed to Prince Edward's Island; at 90 he lost his sight, but recovered it at 103 years of age, since which time he has read without glasses. We may say of this wonderful centennarian, as Labruyere remarks of one of his characters: "Years with him have not twelve months, nor add to his age." What wonderful events have occurred during this veteran's career? When he was born there was not a single village in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois or Kentucky. It was not till 1769 that the adventurous Boone left his home in North Carolina to penetrate the Western wilderness. Canada belonged to France; the population of the United States was less than 2,000,000,



RECLUSE ISLAND, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

and Bakeman were granted pensions of \$500, as Revolutionary soldiers.

WILLIAM TAYLOR was born in 1757, in Somerset county, Maryland. His father died when he was five years old, at which age he was bound to Captain Wm. Travers, of the tradeship Eugene, with whom he sailed until the breaking out of the Revolution. He then entered the

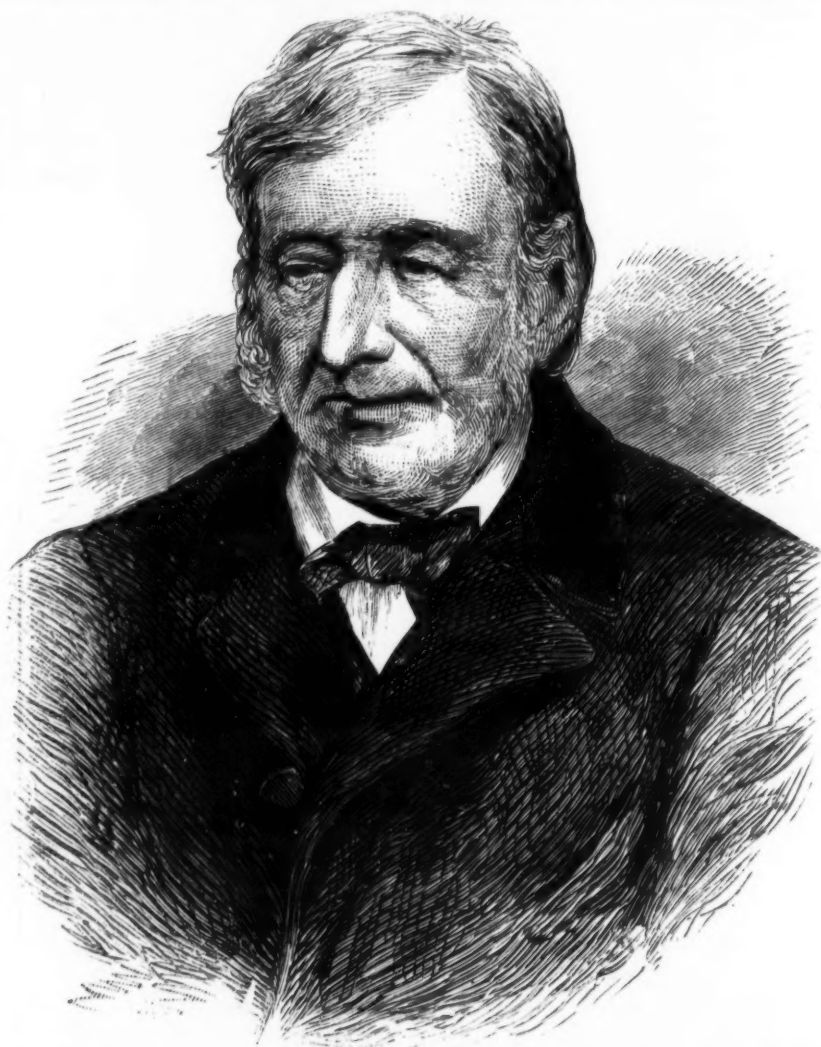
navy, and served during the war. At the close of the war he continued to follow the sea until 1797, making in all thirty-five years as a sailor. He then married, and settled upon a plantation in his native State, where he was engaged in the occupation of farming until the year 1810, at which time he emigrated to the State of Kentucky, and settled upon Cabin Creek, where he lived

until 1823. In that year he went to Ohio where he joined the Twenty-sixth Regiment of Ohio Light Infantry, in which he served eighteen months; was at Fort Malden, and afterward at Niagara Garrison, where he was captured. On being exchanged, he returned to his farm in Adams county, Ohio, remaining there until 1844. He then moved to Anglaise county, where he resided twenty-one years. Since that time he has lived with his daughter, in Allen county. He has buried three wives, having been married twice after he was seventy-five. Age has dealt lightly with him, and he enjoys very good health, and thinks he may yet need a fourth helpmeet. His voice is almost as strong as when, in early manhood, he sang to his first love by the ocean shore. He converses very well, and loves to relate the incidents of his early life, which he remembers distinctly. Neither Taylor's nor Stewart's names are enrolled among the Revolutionary pensioners, but for what reason they are omitted we have no information.

Of the widows of Revolutionary soldiers, married before the close of that war, but one enrolled pensioner survived at the end of the year 1867, Nancy Serens, widow of Joseph Serens, of Pennsylvania. Of those married before the 1st of January, 1794, there are sixty-six surviving pensioners; of those married before January 1, 1800, fifty; and of those married after the last-named date, 878. The total number of the widows of Revolutionary soldiers whose names were on the pension-rolls at the close of the year was 997. This aggregate includes a small number residing in Southern States, whose pensions were restored on proof of continuous loyalty. Of the widows of Revolutionary soldiers married prior to January 1, 1800, but 119 remained of the 158 whose names were on the rolls at the beginning of the year. Of these, eighteen reside in New York, fourteen in Maine, eleven in New Hamp-



THE LATE GOV. WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, OF CONNECTICUT.—SEE PAGE 363.

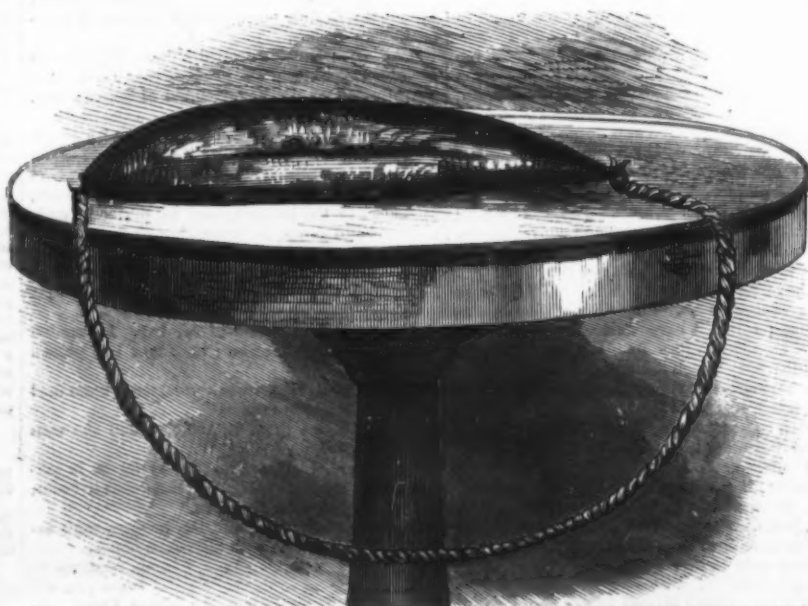


MR. D. F. BAKEMAN, ONE OF THE SURVIVING SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION, AGED 108 YEARS.

and was perhaps the most loyal part of the British empire; there were but four newspapers printed in this country, whose combined circulation did not exceed 3,000; and steam-engines, cylinder presses, railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs, had not been imagined.

JOHN GRAY, of Hiramburg, Ohio, who is in his 105th year, and the youngest of the Revolutionary soldiers living, was born at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., January 6th, 1764. During the Revolution he worked on the Mount Vernon estate for Washington, with the slaves of the general. Mr. Gray's father fell at White Plains, in 1780, and soon after, the son enlisted at the early age of 16. He served till the close of the war, and was mustered out at Richmond, Va. He states that he was engaged in several battles, and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He says he was "mighty tough" when a boy, and outmarched big, heavy men; that he has voted at every Presidential election, and hopes to vote once more, and that his last vote will be given for the great soldier, General Grant.

DANIEL F. BAKEMAN is three years older than Gray; he is a native of New York, and was hidden by his grandparents, to escape the first call for Revolutionary soldiers. During the last four years of the war he served in the militia. He was present when Butler, the leader of the "Ghosts," was killed, and remembers having seen Washington. Notwithstanding his great age, the old man's faculties are still vigorous, excepting dimness of sight and impaired hearing. One of the most singular things in connection with his having lived for 108 years, is the fact that he has never been regular in his habits; has always indulged in spirituous liquors, but, to use the words of his daughter, "never got high excepting on election days, Fourth of July, and once after harvest." Bakeman's wife died a few years ago, aged 106 years. By special act of Congress, in 1866, Gray



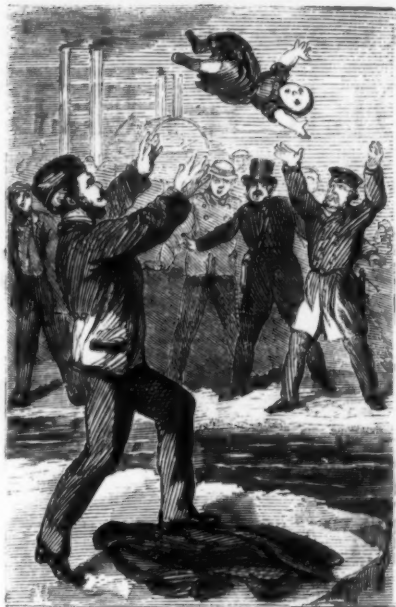
TREATY TOOTH OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.—SEE PAGE 363.

shire, ten in Kentucky, nine in Massachusetts, nine in Virginia, nine in North Carolina, eight in Pennsylvania, six in Connecticut, five in Ohio, five in Tennessee, four in Vermont, three in New Jersey, three in the District of Columbia, two in West Virginia, and one each in the States of Indiana, Michigan and Missouri.

Recluse Island in Lake George, N. Y.—The Reported Sunken Island.

On the 6th of last January the nervous and credulous people in our communities were startled by a dispatch from Glen Falls, stating that Recluse Island, in Lake George, N. Y., had suddenly disappeared beneath the waters of the lake, under the volcanic influences that were then troubling the earth. Of course the statement was a hoax, but it attached a certain degree of interest to the island, which, in connection with the fact that Lake George is celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, has induced us to give an engraving of the locality so unceremoniously disposed of by telegraph. Recluse Island, which is about ten miles north of Whitehall, and opposite Bolton, contains about 1½ acres. It is the property of Mr. Rufus Wadsworth, who makes it his summer resort, and there are few localities so suggestive of tranquil enjoyment during the hot weather as this little gem on the bosom of the placid lake.

Most observant travelers, having no foregone conclusion on favorite hypothesis to sustain, will concur in the epigrammatic observation of a recent English writer, that "Glaucid theories which have been invented to account for the drift and boulders may hereafter be regarded as among the most amazing proofs of human credulity."



"CATCH THIS BABY!"

**HOME INCIDENTS, &c.
Rescuing Passengers from the Floating
Ice on the Mississippi River, Opposite
St. Louis, Mo.**

A series of quite thrilling scenes were enacted several days ago at a point in the Mississippi river directly opposite St. Louis, which were occasioned by the sudden moving of the ice gorge. The severity of the weather



AN INDIGNANT WIFE ASSAULTS A DRUGGIST.

for a few days prior to the one in question had caused a stoppage of all communication by means of ferry-boats between the two shores. To obviate this difficulty, a temporary causeway was constructed of planks, and as no danger was apprehended, men, women, and children crossed the river in large crowds. In the afternoon the passengers who had just arrived in St. Louis by the Ohio and Mississippi train, numbering several hundred, began crossing the river on the planks. As the passen-



SLEIGHING ACCIDENT AT UNION HILL, NEW JERSEY.



A FATAL BOAT ACCIDENT IN GEORGIA.



A SOMNAMBULIST'S LEAP.

gers advanced in solid column to the centre of the stream, a terrific crash was heard, huge rents were suddenly opened in the ice, and the whole mass commenced to move. The greatest consternation soon spread over the travelers as the thick cakes of ice piled themselves in high and dangerous pyramids at their feet. As soon as the perilous condition of the passengers became known to the citizens and authorities of St. Louis, large crowds gathered on the levee, and



DARING ACT OF A BRAKEMAN.

efforts were at once made to rescue the unfortunate pilgrims. A small steamboat was lying about a block below the plank road, and to this point the crowd rushed, but as the ice came against the bow of the boat it was crushed to pieces, and the distance from the ice to the boat was too great for any person to leap. At length a stage-plank was run out from the boat to the moving ice, and over this the excited multitude clambered on board in great haste—some being literally



RESCUING RAILROAD PASSENGERS FROM THE FLOATING ICE ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, OPPOSITE ST. LOUIS, MO.



COLLISION BETWEEN A FIRE ENGINE AND CITY RAILROAD CAR ON MYRTLE AVENUE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

dragged along by their hands and clothes, while others were pushed and lifted over by the policemen and the men who stood near. The most intense excitement prevailed at this point, as each person endeavored by pushing, squeezing, kicking, and entreating, to secure the most favorable position during the stampede; and not a few north-provoking exhibitions were witnessed by the crowd on the shore. A certain gentleman who appeared to have lost all his self-possession, and his wife besides, was seen rushing frantically along the edge of the ice near the boat, carrying with one arm an overcoat, and in the other a bright-looking baby that evidently enjoyed the long ride in papa's arms. As the ice on which they were drifted neared the boat, his agitation became painfully severe, and discerning a gallant-looking policeman on the other side of the gap, he called out, "Here, catch this baby," and tossing the infant through the air, a distance of twenty or thirty feet, turned to seek the remainder of his family. After giving a very graphic description of the scene, the St. Louis Democrat concludes that it was a lucky escape for the travelers, and that all of them will no doubt vote for the immediate completion of the great bridge across the Mississippi river at that locality.

Mrs. E. A. Pollard, Assails a Druggist in Baltimore, Maryland.

Considerable excitement was occasioned in Baltimore, Maryland, on the 28th of last January, by the shooting of Dr. George A. Moore, Druggist, by Mrs. Edward A. Pollard, formerly of Richmond, Virginia. According to the statements of the parties engaged in the affair, Mrs. Pollard entered the drug store of Dr. Moore under the impression that her husband was within, and inquired if such was not the case. The doctor replied that he did not know, and upon her persisting in the inquiry, ordered her to leave his premises. Refusing to accede to his demands, the doctor endeavored to force her from the store, and during the ensuing scuffle, he heard the clicking of a pistol, and attempted to take from his opponent the weapon he supposed she had concealed about her person. Mrs. Pollard affirmed with much spirit that she possessed no such weapon, at which the doctor released his hold upon her arm. The lady immediately drew from her pocket a small revolver and fired upon Dr. Moore, the ball passing through his hand and lodging in the window cornice near the ceiling. Mrs. Pollard then attempted to leave the store, but was prevented until an officer arrived who conducted her to the station-house. Mrs. Pollard disclaimed any knowledge as to how the pistol was fired, further than it occurred during the struggle that ensued after the attempt was made to eject her from the store. She further alleged that Dr. Moore had assaulted her while in the drug store, and desired to prefer a charge to that effect. This, however, was refused, upon the ground that Dr. Moore had a right to eject her from his own premises. Her counsel then stated that they did not desire to give bail at present, their client preferring to be committed. A commitment was made out by the magistrate, charging the accused with shooting Dr. Moore, with intent to kill, and subsequently she was conveyed to the city jail to await further developments.

A Sleighing Accident at Union Hill, N. J.

Seldom has a sleighing carnival been inaugurated under more auspicious circumstances than that which came into being immediately after the recent fall of snow. With all the cold and brilliant scenes of this healthful exercise, there have been many distressing accidents, one of which took place on the 26th of January last, at Union Hill, N. J. Parties who have had occasion to journey from Hoboken to Hudson City will remember having to pass up a very steep and circuitous hill, on the outer side of which is a rudely constructed stone wall, about two feet in height, erected as a preventive of accidents. On the day above mentioned, a party consisting of two young ladies, Misses Jones and Smith, and two brothers named Armstrong, were driving up the hill in a light sleigh, when, as they had proceeded about half the distance to the summit, the horse became balky, and, spite the frequent application of the whip, backed the sleigh against the wall, which giving way, the horse, sleigh, and entire party went over the embankment. The ladies and gentlemen were precipitated to the ground, but, owing to the large amount of snow there collected, sustained no serious injuries. The horse was more unfortunate in his descent, for the sleigh became entangled in the branches of a large tree, and he dived him between the sky and ground until assistance could be procured, when the animal was cut down from his uncomfortable position as a hanged criminal.

Fatal Boat Accident in Georgia.

A distressing accident occurred to a boating-party on the Savannah river on the 13th of January last, by which two persons were drowned. The party consisted of Dr. L. Q. Tucker, F. J. Finlayson, Miss Urania McKee and Miss Arabella McKee, and had proceeded a considerable distance down the river, when the little boat entered a swift current. Mr. Finlayson, who was sitting in the bow, turned to observe the direction of the current, and in so doing leaned over the edge of the boat, at the same time pulling an unusually heavy stroke with his oar, and before any of the party had time to realize their danger, the boat capsized and precipitated its occupants into the water. Mr. F. sank beneath the surface, and did not rise again; Dr. Tucker, who is accounted a very skillful swimmer, quickly righted the boat, and asisted the young ladies in clinging to it. It was overturned a second time, but the young ladies were again enabled to obtain a hold. As the frail shell rapidly drifted down the river, Miss Urania McKee's strength began to fail her, and she was about relaxing her hold entirely, when her sister caught her by the hand, and retained her grasp until the boat ran against a snag, when the sudden shock caused the sisters to part, and Miss Urania sank. Her sister and the doctor were rescued shortly after by a party of gentlemen, who were attracted to the river's bank by the shouts for assistance.

A Somnambulist's Leap.

It has been remarked that somnambulists, while in the sleep-walking state, preserve to an extraordinary degree the instincts of self-preservation—namely, walking with firm tread upon the eaves of houses, and standing upon giddy heights with less peril than if attempting the same feats in their waking moments. Sometimes, however, they seem to lose this respect for the laws of gravitation. A few days, or rather nights, ago, a somnambulist stepped out of the third story window of his house in Baltimore, and fell to the sidewalk, when, probably, he awoke considerably demoralized. But the most singular part of the story is that he was entirely uninjured by the fall, except in the slight spraining of an ankle. If he had been wide awake he would probably have broken his neck.

Daring Act of a Brakeman.

An interesting act of heroism was performed several days ago by a young man, named A. D. Church, who

held the position of head brakeman on a freight train of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. As the train to which he was attached was approaching Mill Village, Pa., at a rate of about fifteen miles an hour, Mr. Church heard a sudden and sharp ringing, which convinced him that some ironwork had been broken. He sprang to the platform of the car, and saw a large piece of rail flying through the air. Believing the train had broken a piece out of the track, and regardless only of the safety of a following train, he seized the flag, jumped from the car, and succeeded in stopping the other train before it reached the high embankment on which the track had been broken. By his fearless action Mr. Church saved the company thousands of dollars, and perhaps many lives.

A Fire-Engine, Horse-Carriage and City Car Colliding in Brooklyn, N. Y.

No less than three collisions between fire-engines or horse-carriages and railroad cars occurred in Brooklyn on Monday evening, 31 inst., on the occasion of an alarm of fire. The scene we have pictured took place in Myrtle Avenue, near Hudson, as several companies were returning to their houses. It seems that the members of the various fire organizations are in the habit of running their apparatus in the tracks of the city railroad, much to the annoyance of the drivers and conductors on the cars. On this occasion, one of the Myrtle Avenue cars was passing up-town, and a double-decker fire-engine was coming down upon the opposite track. When near the corner of Hudson Avenue the vehicles struck, one arm of the engine breaking a window in the car, and forcing the front wheels from the track. At this sudden interruption, Horse-Carriage No. 10, which was passing down on the track, behind the engine, came into collision with the machine, pushing it against the car. At this point two members of the companies got into an altercation, during which one party received a stunning blow from the other. Assistant-Engineer Stewart Barr interfered for the purpose of checking the disturbance, and, while separating the belligerents, was knocked down by an officer, who, it is alleged, wielded his baton in a very brisk and indiscriminate manner. Considerable excitement prevailed in the neighborhood for a few moments, when a strong posse of police arrived at the scene, succeeded in restoring order, and arrested Engineer Barr for assault and battery. The firemen allege that they endeavored to turn the machines from the track, but, on account of the ice, were unsuccessful; that the drivers of the various horse-cars are in the habit of stopping at the corners where the engines are likely to pass; and that there is an intense feeling of antagonism existing between the members of the Police Department and themselves, the former being in favor of a paid department and extremely obstructive to the workings of the present system. Whichever party be in the wrong, it is about time that some system be established that will prevent the collisions that so frequently occur.

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DICKENS AGAIN!

Dickens has been the rage of late. The approach of Dickens to our shores was heralded with great flourish; the readings of Dickens were advertised far and near; the portraits of Dickens met our view wherever we turned; the writings of Dickens were offered us at every street corner; and now we have presented to us the NEW DICKENS VALENTINE. What the Dickens next? Of this last production, emanating from the brains of two enterprising New Yorkers, we are free to admit that it is the cleverest hit we have met with. It is taken from David Copperfield, is adapted to either sex, and is offered at a price within the reach of all.

A GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT!!

Will be Commenced in No. 16, Ready February 12, of

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

THE BEST STORY AND SKETCH PAPER OF THE AGE, A THRILLING TALE, ENTITLED

THE WITCH FINDER;

OR,

The Hunted Maid of Salem.

BY LEON LEWIS,

Author of "The Silver Ship," "The Water Wolf," "Syria, the Jewess," etc., etc.

A thoroughly authentic history of Salem Witchcraft has yet to be written. In the books treating of this subject, the atrocities that were perpetrated by the Witch-Finders were classed as almost pardonable offenses, because committed under the delusion that the victims were gifted with supernatural powers, and could at will afflict any person with the most direful physical and mental ailments, such as blindness, deformity or insanity. In those days, every person who suddenly became ill at once proclaimed that he was bewitched, and began reciting to mind the female on whom he had last looked, and who, it was thought, had proscribed him by the power of Witchcraft. The suspected party, as was natural, generally proved to be some unfortunate woman, against whom the invalid had long harbored a spirit of unfriendliness. The relatives of the sick person were at once summoned; after listening to the story of the individual supposed to be bewitched, they would proceed in a body to the dwelling of the unsuspecting victim, drag her forth, publicly accuse her of Witchcraft, in having afflicted their suffering relative, and make her submit to

The Witch-Finder's Test.

Tears and entreaties were of no avail; the expostulations of friends only made matters worse by leaving them open to suspicion, and it often happened that in endeavoring to shield the unfortunate victim from the fury of the superstitious multitude, even the friends of the supposed witch were compelled to undergo the tortures of

The Witch-Finder's Test.

These tests were as numerous as they were atrocious and diabolical, and frequently resulted in the death of the victim. When proved guilty of Witchcraft, death by the most cruel means was of course the sentence; but it was not a rare occurrence for

The Witch-Finder's Test

to put an end to the victim's sufferings by death, just as she was about to be declared innocent.

At this distant day, and in this age of enlightenment, there will be found many who will discredit the following brief description of one of the many tests resorted to by

The Heartless Witch-Finder.

The Salemites believed that it was impossible to drown a witch; that if thrown into a river, she would certainly be able to make her way to the shore. Acting upon this belief, when a woman was suspected of Witchcraft, she would be compelled to undergo the

Witch-Finder's Drowning Test.

She would be dragged to the nearest river, and plunged in at a considerable distance from the shore. In case the woman succeeded for a time in keeping her head above the surface of the water, that was considered positive evidence that she was a Witch, and she would be stoned to death as she struggled with the remorseless waves. In this test the only proof of the woman's innocence of Witchcraft was when she could not swim, and therefore sank to rise no more! Innocent or guilty, it was death in either case! By drowning, she proved herself innocent; but if it appeared probable that she could save her life by swimming, she was stoned like a cat until she drowned!

Even cruelty more atrocious than this was put in practice by

The Witch-Finder.

Private quarrels and ancient grudges were avenged by accusing innocent people of Witchcraft. Young wives were ruthlessly torn from loving husbands, accused before the giddy, ignorant and superstitious populace,

Branded as Witches,

and after being marched through the town, that everybody might look their last upon the

Female Demons,

the terrified women were given over to the villainous wretches who had achieved notoriety as

Witch-Finders.

The remarkable story which is soon to appear in the

The New York Weekly,

is a reliable exposé of the atrocities enacted in the

Days of Salem Witchcraft.

The tale is founded on authentic records and data, and is entitled

THE WITCH-FINDER;

OR,

The Hunted Maid of Salem.

The plot of the story is original, although it has for its basis an accurate account of the cruelties that were perpetrated during the period of

Salem Witchcraft.

Among the principal characters portrayed in this exciting story is

The Witch-Hunter.

The most disreputable person in Salem, at the time of the Witchcraft excitement, was a man named BOARDMAN, who had achieved a devilish notoriety as a Volunteer Accuser, a Witch-Tester, or a Witch-Discoverer. This heartless miscreant practiced various juggleries, under pretense of distinguishing a witch from an innocent person, such as drawing blood, saying the Lord's Prayer backward, etc.

The Hunted Maiden.

Another interesting personage of those times was HESTER WATERBURY, the daughter of a colonial merchant—a beautiful and noble-hearted girl, whom the villain BOARDMAN persecuted with his attentions, and afterward hunted as a Witch.

The White Angel of Salem.

A third and most remarkable personage of those dark days was a mysterious being who appeared in Salem when the delusion was deepest. She possessed the aspect of a young lady; but a strange peculiarity was noticed in her appearance—she was strangely white, and her skin shone so brilliantly that many supposed her to be an angel. She went about doing good, opposing the Witch-Hunters, releasing prisoners, helping widows and orphans, etc.

Whoever would have full particulars concerning these and a score of other inhabitants of Salem in the days of Witchcraft, must read the thrilling and beautiful narrative just drawn from the historical collections of Massachusetts, and entitled

THE WITCH-FINDER;

OR,

The Hunted Maid of Salem.

By Leon Lewis.

Which will be commenced in No. 16 of the

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to their wives and children, fully confident that its teachings will have a beneficial effect, and that its stories, while they inculcate good morals, also exhibit the punishment that must attend vice.

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are varied, to suit the popular taste; they are instructive, entertaining, and amusing. The thoughtful will find in

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subjects that will induce reflection, the knowledge-seeker will be edified and learn the social habits peculiar to various parts of the world, while the humorously inclined can always find in the quaint writings of JOSEPH BILLINGS, PHILANDER DOSTICKS, MARK TWAIN, JOHN QUILL, and other humorists, something that will provoke merriment and laughter.

As we have not space to particularize, at great length, the numerous features of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY, we will just mention some of the standing attractions:

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A department in which the editor indulges in familiar chat with his correspondents, replies to various queries put to him, and disseminates information that is of the greatest popular interest.

THE KNOWLEDGE BOX.—In this column will be found Domestic Receipts, Scientific Notes, Hints to Farmers and Gardeners—in fact, suggestions that will prove useful to all classes of society.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.—The important events of the world are epitomized in this column, and their essence given in pithy sentences.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.—This department is entirely devoted to articles of a humorous nature, and it forms an excellent dessert to the mental feast which the columns of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY contains every week.

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It should be borne in mind that in No. 16 of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY will be commenced "THE WITCH-FINDER; or, THE HUNTED MAID OF SALEM." The New York Weekly is for sale by every News Agent. Price Six Cents per copy. Specimen copies sent free.

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THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL ASYLUM.

General Van Wyck and the Gettysburg
Soldiers' Home.

GENERAL VAN WYCK, who has been laboring
zealously in Congress to destroy the enterprise for giving
a home to our disabled veterans, is an excellent type of
that destructive class who may pull down but are un-
able to suggest the first idea for erecting a better struc-
ture. He is displeased with the Gettysburg plan for
building the needed asylum, but gives no hint of any
better manner in which the desired end can be reached.
He says the diamonds in the project are worthless
stones—though the greatest diamond dealers in the
country say the reverse—the farm a delusion, the yacht
Henrietta not worth an old song, and that the several
large purses of greenbacks will prove mere "fairy
money" to the fortunate captives—glittering enough
over night, but turning to dried leaves before the morn-
ing. He does not say, however, that the charter of
incorporation for the enterprise, said to have been
granted by the Pennsylvania Legislature last year, is
not a binding and valid charter; and failing to say this,
all the rest of his objections are mere leather and pru-
dence. Here we have a charter for raising money to
build a Soldiers' Home on the battle-field of Gettysburg;
and to accomplish this, authority is given for the dis-
tribution of prizes in the manner now proposed by
Generals Beaver, Sickles and other directors. It is
against the manner, therefore, and not against the
matter of this movement that General Van Wyck, if at
all, should direct his wrath. If he finds any of the
prizes worthless, let him urge that they be thrown over-
board and others substituted. If the diamonds are
only paste, kick them into the gutter, and let "gems of
purest ray serene"—pure and sparkling as Van Wyck's
own virtue—take their place. If the money prizes are
not enough, let them be doubled or trebled. If the
yacht Henrietta should only be rated at so much old
junk, let her be scuttled wherever she may now lie, and
let the finest steamer afloat be purchased to occupy her
position. All this can be done within the limits of the
incorporating charter, and the people will not grudge
the increased expense that gives assurance our disabled
soldiers will be taken care of; but when General Van
Wyck assails the charter itself, instead of the prizes
now offered under its provisions, he is striking at the
only practical plan now before the country through
which the people may express their gratitude to those
who were crippled in defense of the flag.

If the United States were a monarchy or empire the
matter of creating a Soldiers' Home would be extremely
simple, taking the form of an edict, directing so much
money to be raised by tax for that purpose; but here
this cannot be done, owing to State jealousies, local
rivalries, and the inveterate spirit of corrupt jobbing
which now infects every public work. Every delegation
in Congress would only consent to the measure provided
its own State should be assigned the location for the
new asylum; or even if the bill were to pass with the
requisite appropriation, the spirit of jobbery would
interpose such delays that all the sufferers would be
dead before the promised relief could reach them.
What private enterprise can accomplish in a year public
jobbers would take twenty years and twenty times the
same amount of money for completing; and it is emi-
nently proper that, in a work of national gratitude such
as this, the people should have the matter left entirely
in their own hands, every member of the community
being able to make a personal assessment of from one
dollar upward, just as each may see fit, according to his
or her means and wishes.

Lotteries, like everything else, are not good per se,
nor bad per se, but must be judged in connection with
their object. Spain, Austria and Prussia still raise a
large portion of their revenue in this manner, and
scarcely a civilized government on earth but has at one
time or other resorted to this means of raising money
for its necessities or grander charities—finding it by all
odds the least odious manner in which taxation can be
imposed. It makes every man his own taxing-master,
so that whether a dollar shall be given or ten thousand
can be decided by no other decree than that of the
individual donor. Looking at home, also, is there to-
day a charity-fair, or fair for building a church, in
which, under the sanction of the clergy, and with the
fairest and most pious of the gentler sex acting as
ministering angels, the visitors are not requested to
take chances in some very extravagant "raffles" for the
sake of promoting some pious object? "It is the
cause, my soul—it is the cause!" that gives its com-
plexion to everything; and while we earnestly applaud
the activity of the postal and police authorities in
breaking-up the swindling lottery and policy schemes
conducted by sharpers for their personal profit, we
cannot in any manner divine how a benevolent project,
regularly chartered and conducted under responsible
auspices, for building a Soldiers' Home at Gettysburg,
can come to be classed under the same condemnation.

Turning back to our files, we see that on the 29th of
January last an enterprise precisely similar to this
Gettysburg project, but less than one-fourth of its size,
was drawn at the Cooper Institute in this city, the net
proceeds being devoted to founding a home for soldiers'
orphans. The distribution was made under the personal
supervision of Major-Generals Van Vleet and Barlow,
the latter then Secretary of State; Judge Charles F.
Daly, Treasurer of the Soldiers' Orphans' Fund; Nath-
aniel Jarvis, Jr., and others of equally high character;
while the business-manager of that enterprise was the
same who is now manager of the project which General
Van Wyck condemns. From that entertainment ninety-
nine thousand and odd hundred dollars were realized,
and duly paid over into the hands of Judge Daly as
treasurer for the soldiers' orphans; so that here, as that
scheme was less than one-fourth the size of this, we
have fair assurance that certainly not less than four or
five hundred thousand dollars, besides the land already
purchased, will be turned over to the trustees for build-
ing the Gettysburg Asylum. Perhaps the sum may be
yet larger; but with every attack made upon it in Con-
gress, or by the regular lottery and policy-dealers, with
whose profits it interferes, the expenses, of course, are
increased, and the difficulties magnified. The people,
however, appear to have taken hold of it with a will
and until General Van Wyck can offer them some better
means of raising a Soldiers' Home, it would be much
wiser and more decent for the gallant General to hold his
tongue. But whatever may be his course, it can make
but little difference, for the asylum project is in the
hands of men with whom there is no such word as
fail, and with the sympathies of the people once enlisted,
our disabled veterans may rest secure that the Getty-
sburg Asylum will be built, and that right quickly.—
New York Herald, January 27th, 1868.

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